

THE AMERICAN

# LEGION

MAGAZINE

JUNE 1950

15¢

## KILLERS AT THE WHEEL

*By Clarence Woodbury*

## How Do You Look to Others?

*By W. J. Reilly*





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perfect  
days

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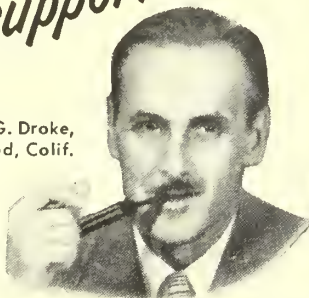
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Navy vets seldom get to see a battleship to remind them of the good old days and not many ex-infantrymen have a platoon march by to bring back memories of their foot-slogging days. The same goes for the ex-Marine and the rifle he used to live with, and what ex-artilleryman has seen a battery of 105's on the firing line lately? Air Force men, though, get a good reminder of the past every time an airliner goes overhead, and we think you'll agree that John McDermott gets the point across on this month's cover.

**POSTMASTER:** Please send copies returned under labels Form 3579 to Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1950. Published monthly at 1100 W. Broodway, Louisville, Ky. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.50. Entered as second class matter June 30, 1948, at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis 6, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING  
One Park Avenue  
New York 16, N. Y.

WESTERN OFFICE  
333 North Michigan Avenue  
Chicago 1, Illinois

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address, using notice form 225 which you may secure from your Postmaster. Be sure to cut off the address label on your Magazine and paste it in the space provided. Always give your 1950 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

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# The American LEGION Magazine

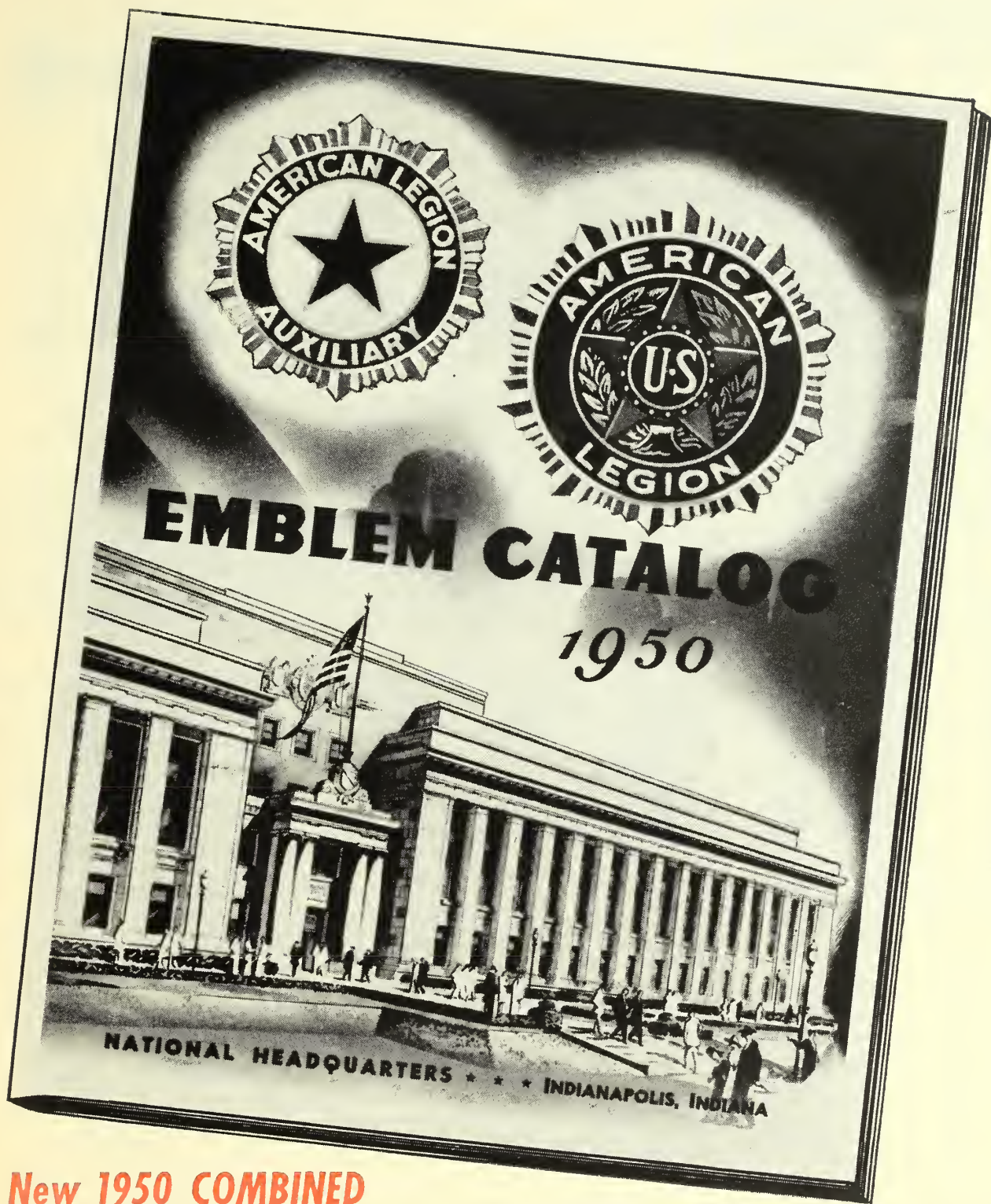
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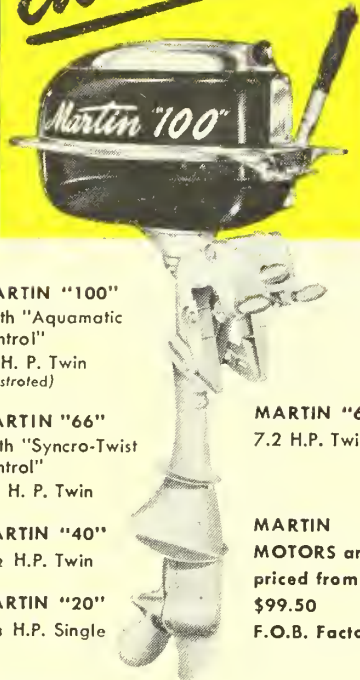
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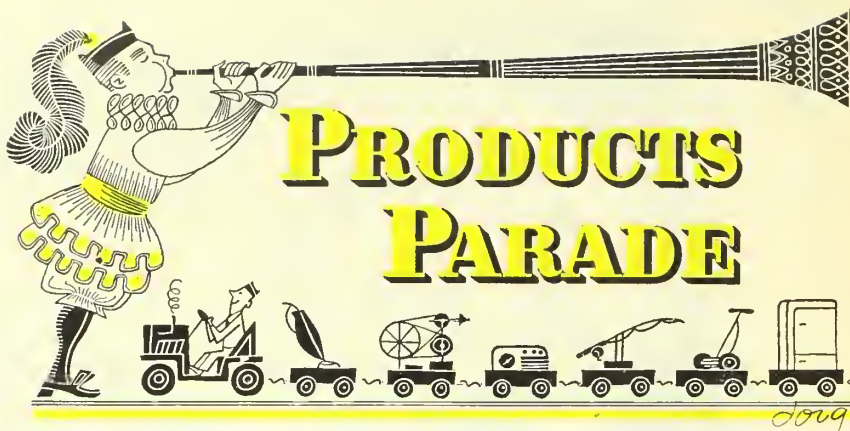
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## PRODUCTS PARADE

A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.

**LET'S YOUR HOUSE BREATHE.** As a means of preventing moisture condensation in small, tightly built homes, the Damp Vent Company, of Bettendorf, Ia., is offering ingenious breathing units called Damp Vents to be used wherever condensation is prevalent in the home. The vents relieve condensation by allowing the exchange of moisture through walls without creating free-air circulation. This in turn prevents paint failure, sweating walls, wood rot and other conditions resulting from dampness. Made of rustproof aluminum, Damp Vents have built-in insect screens and rain-blocks, and can be installed with a wood drill and a ¾-inch bit. They cost \$3.25 postpaid for a package of ten.



**READY FOR THE FIRING LINE.** A portable, low-cost target range designed primarily for use in homes or in other places where space is limited, has been announced by the Crosman Arms Co., of Rochester, N. Y. Called the Targlite, the new target has interior lighting which illuminates the translucent target paper from the inside. This makes it easy to spot the exact position of each shot as it is fired from the firing point. The unit is 16 inches high, 14 inches wide and 12 inches deep, and it weighs 15 pounds. It costs \$12.95 complete with a supply of targets and score sheets.

**THEY WORK WHILE YOU REST.** For many years Harvey C. Ohmacht, a WWI veteran, was troubled with fatigue and nervousness. Then, after making a study of relaxation, he developed something which he says did him a lot of good, so he is now offering his invention to others. His aid to relaxation is called Posture Pillows — three small kapok-filled pillows, two of which are joined with elastic straps. They are placed at different positions to support the feet, legs, abdominal muscles and the back area. The idea is to get the various muscles limp and relaxed. A set of the pillows sells for \$3.95 postpaid, and can be ordered from the Harvey Company, P.O. Box 189, Los Angeles, 25.

**GRASS SEEDS IN OVERCOATS.** Lawn grass seed now comes in galoshes and overcoats — so your grass will grow thicker and healthier. The coatings being used are a non-metallic, organic sulphur compound developed by Du Pont. Tests with typical lawn grass mixtures have shown that treating the seeds with the chemical results in 46½ percent more healthy grass and clover plants from the same amount of seed sown. The reason is because, without "chemical overcoats," most of the grass seed sown never has a chance. Some of it rots, some is blighted by fungi, and some dies from a plant disease called "damping-off."



**PHONO-FARM.** Old MacDonald's farm comes to life in a clever sight-and-sound toy being offered by the Record Guild of America, Bush Terminal Bldg., Brooklyn. Selling for 50¢ the toy consists of a plastic phonograph record with the song about Old MacDonald, and it comes packaged in a container that can be punched out by the child to make a stage, a barn, and the characters mentioned in the song. Other song titles will be made available, and the toys will be sold in variety stores.

**HOT ROD.** Resembling an atomic-age handgun, a new type alcohol blow torch is now available which produces a flame of more than 2700 degrees. The business end of the torch projects from a tube which can be moved back and forth to serve as a sliding windshield, and at the base of this tube is a gun grip handle molded of Bakelite. The tool has a built-in safety stand that enables the torch to be set in various positions on a workbench, leaving both hands free. Made by the Lenk Manufacturing Co., 30 Cummington St., Boston 15, the blow torch retails for \$4.95.



is Plastictronics, Inc., 54 Greene St., New York City, and the retail price is \$6.95.

**KID STUFF.** To entertain his young son, Gushion B. Clark, Jr., a disabled veteran of South Carolina once whittled an amusing toy. It consisted of a flock of tiny chickens mounted on a wooden paddle. A thread joined the neck of each chicken with a wooden ball suspended beneath the paddle. When the ball was rotated the heads of the chickens bobbed up and down as though they were pecking at corn. The toy proved so popular with young Clark and his friends that the veteran decided to make more like it. Now he is offering them commercially. Instead of using wood however, he is employing plastic, and the toy called Uncle Bill's Chickens, is being sold for a dollar postpaid. The vet is operating under the name Clark Toy Mart, and his address is Anderson, S. C.

**WANT TO MAKE LIKE REMBRANDT?** Now even a beginner can turn out a creditable oil painting. The secret lies in a kit called the Do-Paint Oil Set which not only contains everything you need to paint, but almost guides your hand while you apply the colors. The outfit consists of all the colors you need, and a mounted canvas with the subject outlined in a blue tint for the artist to follow. To make it doubly foolproof, the oil colors are numbered to match corresponding numbers on the canvas. Going by the numbers you get blue sky, green trees, red sails in the sunset or what have you. Subjects include a harbor scene, winter scene, clowns, and flower still life. The set is being offered by Legionnaire Albert A. Webster, 1199 Broadway, New York City 1, and the price is \$2.95.

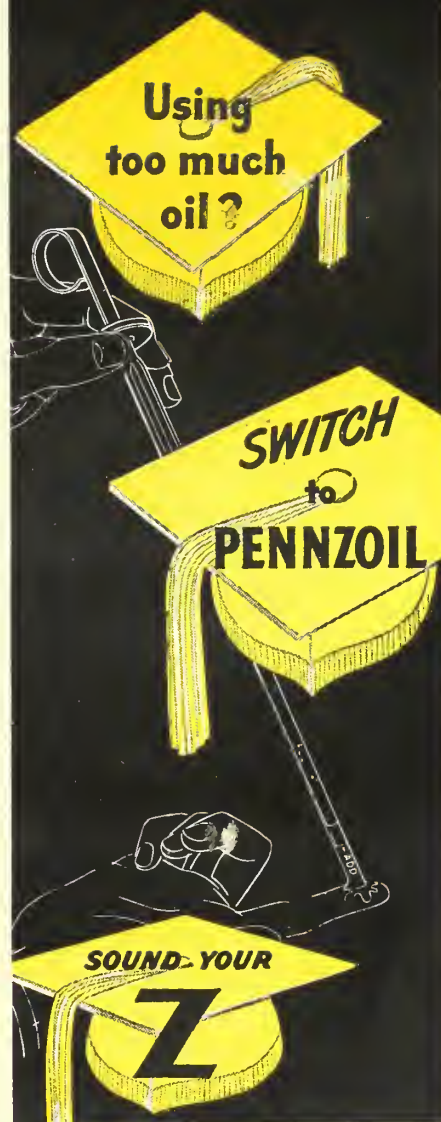


lens of normal focal length. The new lamp will sell for \$1.25 plus the inevitable tax.

**FOR COPY CATS.** Students, businessmen and others who have to spend time or money to copy material in books, pamphlets, etc., will be interested in a device called the Contoura which makes the work a cinch. It is a compact photographic copying device which is merely placed over the page to be copied, a switch is turned on and an exposure is made on sensitized paper contained in the device. This paper can be developed by the user or it can be processed by any photo finisher. The resulting print is a negative, which can be read by holding it up to a mirror, or a positive can be made from it. The Contoura has a metal case, is roughly ten inches long, eight inches wide and two inches deep, and it weighs a little more than three pounds. It can be used wherever 110-volt current is available. Offered by F. G. Ludwig Associates, Pease Road, Woodbridge, Conn., it sells for \$35.00 postpaid. Sensitized paper, 8 by 10 inches costs \$4.15 for 100 sheets.

*When writing to manufacturers concerning items described here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine*

ASK YOUR DEALER



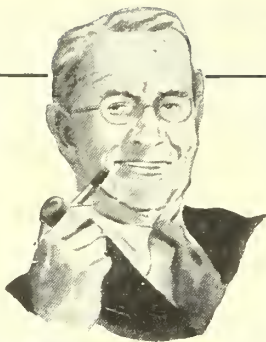
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The American Legion Magazine • June, 1950 • 5



## From where I sit by Joe Marsh

### His Punch is His Signature

*Was on the train up to Central City the other day and when the conductor came around, I asked him why their ticket punches make such odd-shaped holes in the ticket.*

"Every conductor in the country has a different design for his punch," he tells me. "Some even show up a fellow's preferences. Now take mine. The hole looks like a beer goblet."

*Sure enough! Then he went on to say that the punch is just like the conductor's personal signature. Makes it easy to trace tickets . . . to check up if something happens.*

From where I sit, even though your ticket is punched differently from mine, it still gets you where you're going. Just like people with their opinions. You might like coffee, another person, tea—and I'll settle for a temperate glass of beer. But what does it matter, so long as we respect the *right* of the other to have tastes and opinions? We're all trying to go in the same direction—towards a friendlier, more pleasant world for all of us.

*Joe Marsh*

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#### SPORTS TOUR

Fifteen of us from the United States—editors, writers and sports commentators—were in England and Scotland on a twelve-day sports tour last March during which we saw the Grand National steeplechase at Aintree, the Scotland vs. England rugby game at Murrayfield Stadium in Edinburgh, and various other attractions.

We saw, in addition to the things mentioned, the Cambridge and Oxford eight-oar crews in training on the Thames in London. We visited the stables of Walter Nightingall, one of England's most successful horse trainers, just a hop, skip and jump from the celebrated Epsom Downs racetrack, and later inspected that track, at which the famous Oaks and Derby are run.

It was not solely a sports pilgrimage for me. Remembering the two wars in which we have been associated with the British Commonwealth of Nations, I held it a privilege to look again on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, to pause in reverent memory before the Cenotaph in London's Whitehall, where on November 11 yearly the war dead are saluted by King and cockney. With Charles M. Egan, Sports Editor of the *Washington Star* and the only other WW1 veteran of our party, I gazed on the beautiful Scottish American Memorial of that war in the park just below Princes Street in Edinburgh, the work of the late R. Tait McKenzie of the University of Pennsylvania. The scars of the war bombing were still evident in London and in Liverpool, but in the other places we visited there was little to remind the visitor of the life-and-death struggle put up by the island fortress in 1939-'45.

I was glad to have the chance to visit the British Museum and most particularly its world-renowned Reading Room, to see the sculptured figures of the Elgin Marbles, which are part of the glory that was Greece, to see and touch the Rosetta Stone, which unlocked the hieroglyphic code telling the story of the East before there was a Greece. And in that same museum I came across a broadside of 1588 showing that the men who planned the Spanish Armada were masters of the art of psychological warfare! There in a glass case under my eyes was a copy of a pamphlet printed in Antwerp which the troops of the Armada were to distribute once they landed on England's shore. Under the title *A Declaration of the Sentence and Deposition of Elizabeth, the usurper and pretended Quene of England* it promised in the name of Pope Sixtus "the fift" that no harm would come to those who co-operated with the invading forces.

The beauties of the Trossachs and of

other portions of the Scottish countryside from the North Sea resort town of North Berwick to Glasgow engaged our attention. The Firth of Forth bridge, which German war bombs failed to hit, Stirling castle, dominating the countryside around historic Bannockburn, the beautiful Trossachs region — these were the highlights of a Sunday's bus excursion. Just the day before we had seen an underdog Scotland team defeat England in rugby football by a score of 13 to 11, at Murrayfield. American football has its roots in rugby, of course, as is apparent to anyone who has seen the development of our game over the years.

It seemed to us that there was too much kicking over the sidelines, but we had to admit that it's a real test of physical stamina and skill: The 15 on a team play throughout the game's forty minutes, the halftime, called "the interval," lasts only five minutes, and the teams don't leave the field. Wales, France and Ireland are members of the rugby league, and the Irish team, we were told, has eight of its members from Eire and seven from Northern Ireland, or vice versa!

From the County Stand at Aintree we saw both start and finish of 1950's Grand National — probably the world's most rugged steeplechase test for both horses and riders. The afternoon before we had toured the course, particularly noting the famous Becher's Brook jump, most hazardous of the hurdles the horses and their jockeys must negotiate. For the first time in more than 20 years the favorite, an Irish-bred horse named Freebooter, took top honors. Only seven of the 49 starters crossed the finish line. In fifth place was the sentimental favorite Moraveen, owned by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, who with the King and other members of the Royal Family were in attendance.

Returning to America, one at least of the travelers was strengthened in his conviction that sports as practised in free nations furnish that "moral equivalent for war" which our philosopher William James sought for some forty years ago. It was such a vision of generous rivalry on the athletic field that animated Baron Coubertin and others in setting up the modern Olympic Games in the '90's of the last century. The annual competitions for the Davis Cup in tennis, the overseas visits of oarsmen, track athletes, hockey and football players — these make for understanding between peoples. One thing is certain: Were the Soviet Union and its satellites to allow their athletes to compete with those of the democracies communism would have a very short life. For once the young totalitarians became exposed to democratic ways they would become apostles and architects of freedom in their own lands.

#### A "MUST" ARTICLE

Clarence Woodbury's *Killers at the Wheel* on page 16 is the type of article that should be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by every American. Summer's coming, and death's just around the corner for a good many of us. It could be you, or you, or you.

ALEXANDER GARDINER



## A sturdy tree... let's keep it healthy

The Bell System is one of the great businesses of this country and a part of the prosperity of the whole country.

It provides the best telephone service in the world, and the price is low. It buys widely in many markets. It employs over 550,000 men and women and its annual payroll is above \$2,000,000,000 — more than three times as much as in 1940.

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from 23,000 different concerns in 2500 cities and towns last year.

**From Little Acorns —** The Bell System is a sturdy oak that has grown from the little acorns which are the savings of many hundreds of thousands of men and women in all walks of life and in every part of the country. It is the money these people invest in the telephone system that provides the capital for new facilities to improve and expand the service.

**The Roots of the Matter** are rates and earnings that are adequate to meet today's increased costs and attract new capital. For only if rates and earnings are adequate can we give you telephone service that gets better year after year, and that grows and expands to meet your constantly increasing use.

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**Guard hair  
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Summer Sun!**



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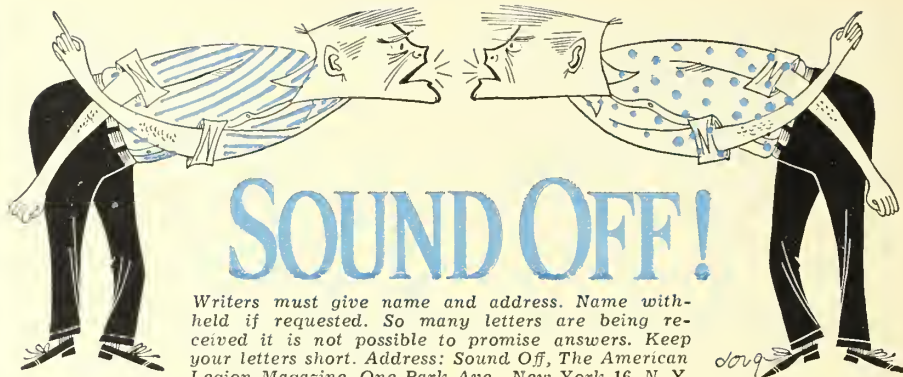


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Many skin specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout stimulates scalp, prevents dryness.



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Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

### BOUQUETS FOR A HOSPITAL

In the April issue of my favorite magazine Comrade Millard Betts O.K.'s the Vets hospitals. I agree with him. I was treated swell at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Philadelphia in Ward "D 1" or "1 D," even if I was an ex-dogface.

**John W. Sebold**  
Dunellen, N. J.

I have read many articles regarding our V. A. hospitals under the heading of *Sound Off!* and I am anxious to add my own praise for the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa.

I was in this hospital four times in the past 8 years, 1. heart trouble, 2. a minor operation, 3. pneumonia and 4. a serious operation, and received the best of care every time. All of the personnel do everything possible to make the patients comfortable. They are to be congratulated.

**John W. Guinn**  
Philadelphia 4, Pa.

### MANY THANKS

I recently joined the American Legion and just received my first copy of the magazine. After reading it thoroughly I can say that I fully enjoyed it and want to commend you on an excellent and informative publication.

I am eagerly anticipating future editions.

**Dr. Stanley R. Klar**  
Gensi-Viola Post 36  
Windsor Locks, Conn.

Enjoyed March issue very much, especially article called *How Do You Rate As a Parent*, by Walter Duckat. Congratulations for your good work.

**David Milstein**  
New York City

Found March issue to be one of the best. Johnson and Lyons stuff O.K. Article on Parents' Rating also read by my missus -- very good. Made us think.

**F. Smith**  
Yonkers, N. Y.

### CASH BUYING DISCOUNTS

Having read the very valuable article on keeping your financial balance in the January issue of A. L. I wish to suggest that Mr. Joe Armel Cross write an article on how to buy for cash money intelligently. It is a well known fact that the cash buyer pays the way of the time payment element. I have never seen in any publi-

cation an article such as I suggest above. Thank you.

**Eugene Des Champs**  
Corona, L. I., N. Y.

### FOR HOSPITALIZED VETS

I am interested in starting a correspondence with a young veteran in a V. A. Hospital. Perhaps one that is a long way from home who might enjoy writing to me. I am 18 years of age.

Do you think you might possibly be able to help me? I should greatly appreciate it.

(Miss) **G. Walker**  
487 Broadway  
Newburgh, N. Y.

### COMMIE NUISANCE

In the February issue of *American Legion Magazine* you published an article I wrote about using your magazine as a textbook. Now I am being bombarded with Communist papers and letters asking me not to teach Problems of Democracy. Here is an example:

"Why teach our children Problems of Democracy? This is a Republic. Learn the truth and teach it unless you want to see this nation destroyed by its betrayers, Jewish rulers of Masonry."

Some of the papers are called "Freedom and Plenty," "Women's Voice" and "Money." I let my students and the whole school read the letters and papers and then proceed to break down the pack of lies that each paper has. I only wish it were possible to describe some of the trash these people write. They had a poem, in one of the papers, about the traitorous Atlantic Pact.

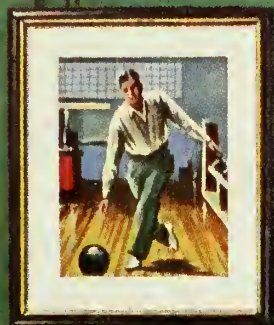
My students were outraged, as well as I, to receive such junk. However, it served a good purpose as well. It showed these rural youth that we have a very dangerous element here in America. It also has shown me that we've got a generation of kids that are willing to fight for their country.

**Lester Smith**  
Harrison Valley, Pa.

### YOUR CHILDREN'S TEXTBOOKS

Where can an ordinary person particularly concerned with current trends in education find out about school materials which are contrary to the principles of true Americanism? I recall that some eight or ten years ago your magazine published

(Continued on page 63)



*There's only  
One  
favorite!*

Only one stands out! Everyone has his own favorite sport . . . the one pastime he prefers above all others. And in beer, the one favorite is Miller High Life . . . acclaimed the country over as the national champion of quality! Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company only . . . and only in Milwaukee, Wisconsin



**Miller's**

**HIGH LIFE**

*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

*A. H. Anderson*



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# *Full of Life*

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# THE FLAG THAT WOULDN'T STAY DOWN

From his foxhole on Corregidor, Sergeant Erler saw Old Glory hauled down. But when the Sergeant was herded onto a Jap prison ship an American Flag went with him



Robert Moore

The American  
**LEGION**  
Magazine

By KENNETH FOREE

**S**URE you venerate the flag. Sure you know it's more than a striped strip of cloth that hangs on buildings.

But did you ever see it come down?

Did you ever carry it into captivity when it might mean your life? And keep it four years?

A long, tall boy from Texas did, Otto Charles Erler, 2251 Stovall, Dallas, six feet two, a big scimitar of a nose and jutting chin and soft brown eyes that were deceiving for a buck sergeant of Company I, 3rd Battalion, 4th Marines.

The Fourth was pulled out of Shanghai into Manila in December 1941, not long before fifty-four high-

flying Jap ships drummed in a V over Manila for an hour, dropping shiny things that Sergeant Erler thought were leaflets. But there were whistles, whooms, falling buildings and a Filipino woman ran up with a half decapitated baby and said, "Help me, Joe."

But the baby was dead and Joe had to help the United States. Pretty soon

AT SUNDOWN everyone went aft, even the Japs. Father Roman conducted the service, and poor Ding slid off the board to meet his Maker in style



(continued)

## The Flag That Wouldn't Stay Down

he was on Bataan and the radio called them MacArthur's Magnificents. However, it's hard to be magnificent when hungry, outnumbered and short of ammunition.

The radio said ships were coming. Then one day scuttle-butt said five American divisions had landed at Marivales. The boys went wild and drove the Japs back. Next day it proved a mirage and the Japs drove them back.

Later, on Corregidor the radio called them Wainwright's Warriors and said ships were coming. But what they got came from 7000 Jap guns. By May 6, there wasn't a big American gun left and Sergeant Erler and Private John Dolson from Michigan and Bilek, had a mortar in a foxhole zeroed on the beach. Just outside the foxhole lightning flashed — a 105 shell.

"Erler, you're dead now," he told himself as he floated off. Later he floated back, found he could move, shook the others. But it made no difference. Japs swarmed over the rock.

Then, as Erler stared, Old Glory was coming down.

*"A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole."*

*It doesn't look likely to stir a man's soul."*

But it did. God, how it did! America folding. America coming down. And shell-shocked, exhausted, starved Sgt. Otto Charles Erler, 20 years old, 6000 long miles and another world from Dallas almost bawled.

At Cabanatuan prison camp he learned prison manners — bowing to each buck-toothed runt, getting slapped and seeing three artillerymen executed for trying to escape.

Then his ankles swelled. "So that's beri-beri," said Erler and tried to get his shoes on.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT MOORE

Two thousand others had the same trouble as on October 2, they were brought back to Manila to Pier 7. Alongside was a dirty tramp steamer, the *Tori Tori Maru*. But ragged Sergeant Erler was concerned with something more immediate. His stomach cramped. Dysentery. If he just had a little paregoric from that other world he had known. Yeah, if they had just

sent ships instead of promises. . . . Since they hadn't he'd settle for toilet paper.

He glanced up the covered pier. There were 2000 tall scarecrows, some with duffle bags. There were as many officious runts with rifles. Near Erler was a tiny office.

"Might be some paper in there," said Erler.

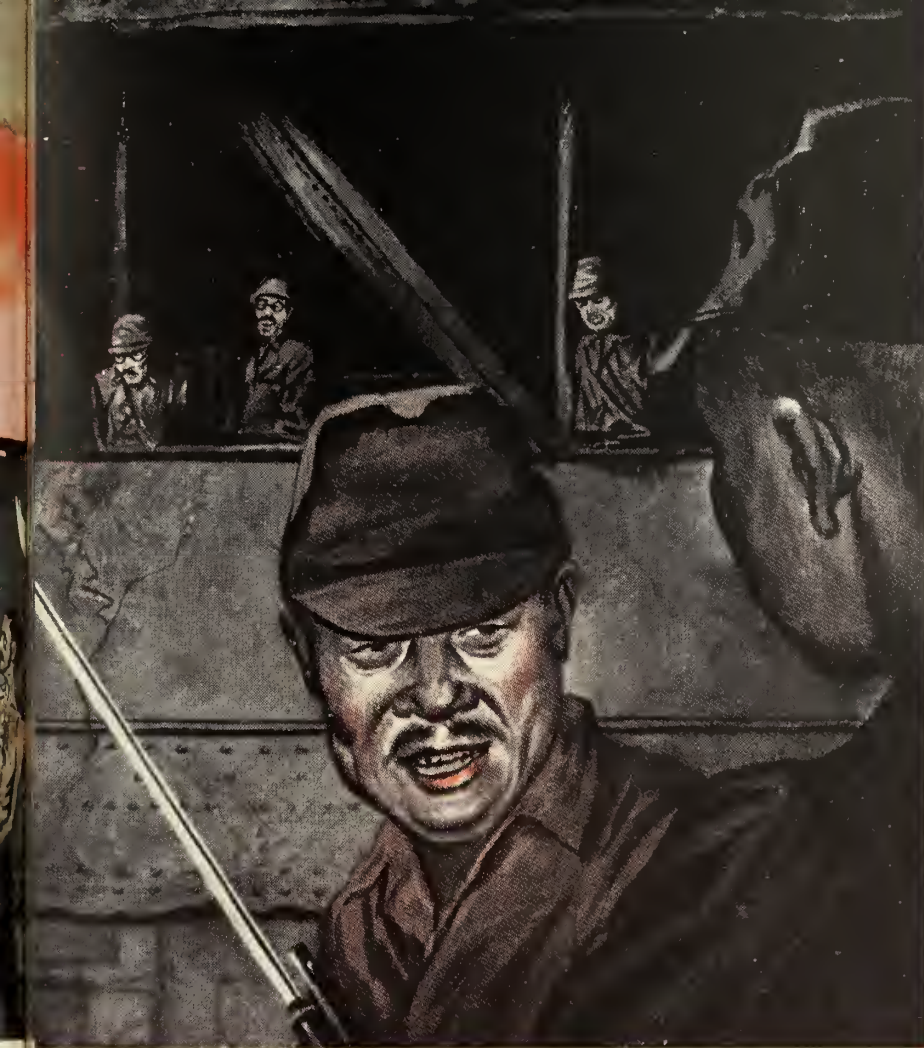
"Yeah an' get shot?" "Jigger for me, then."

He slipped into the little office. It was bare. In the corner was a closet. He opened it to see stacks of forgotten receipts. He slipped a bundle inside his shirt.

There was something in the corner.



Otto C. Erler



He grabbed. Up came red and white stripes . . . and stars. By God, it was a flag. Old Glory!

It grabbed him by the throat. A piece of home. Dallas. Something he could have faith in. America. The America that would send food, and the Navy — not promises.

He didn't stop to think that for less the Jap had shot prisoners. He stuffed it in his shirt, rejoined the others.

"See a ghost?" asked an Army man.

"Cover me," said Erler. A knot formed, Erler dumped the contents of his shirt into his duffle bag.

Eyes bugged. "'At's ez dangerous ez a grenade."

"It's worth it," he replied. As soon onto the *Tori Tori Maru* went Erler and his dufflebag.

When jammed below, the hatches closed, the heat stifling, but no Jap near, Erler pulled out his flag. Those regulars knew a bit. One said, "It ain't got 'nough stars."

They counted forty-five. So it was issued before New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma became states. Musta come out with the first MacArthur.

"Won't make no diff'r'nce when they find it."

Shortly there were more immediate problems. Strangely, they drew no rice, only Jap hardtack. But it smelled like soap, tasted like soap. It had been packed in ex-soap powder boxes. And the drinking water — there was no water for anything else — tasted polluted. So if you hadn't got dysentery before you got it then.

There was no plumbing. Only some large cans that overflowed and could be removed only morning and night. And no glue factory was ever worse.

In the grisly days that stunk by, scarecrows became skeletons. In three weeks some couldn't even crawl. Among them was big Ding Loverx of Michigan. Ding. Marine corporal, was all man, 220 pounds — originally. But he shriveled on the *Tori Tori Maru*. One day Father Roman, with Erler helping him, administered extreme

unction to Catholic Ding. Next day Ding, a skeleton of 90 pounds, lay still. At night he must go overboard.

On Bataan Ding had stormed a pillbox alone, took it and got the Silver Star. Such a man, said Erler, oughtn't to be dumped overboard. Ought to get a send-off. And if the monkeys eventually were going to get him it might as well be now. So he went to big, six-foot Signal Corps Major Hankins, senior officer.

"Sir, can't we give Ding a military funeral? I got a flag."

The face of a major which had been slapped by Jap privates looked sharp at Erler. Then, "I'll see."

At dusk Major Hankins bowed low to the Jap sailor kids with guns and asked to see the captain, also a civilian.

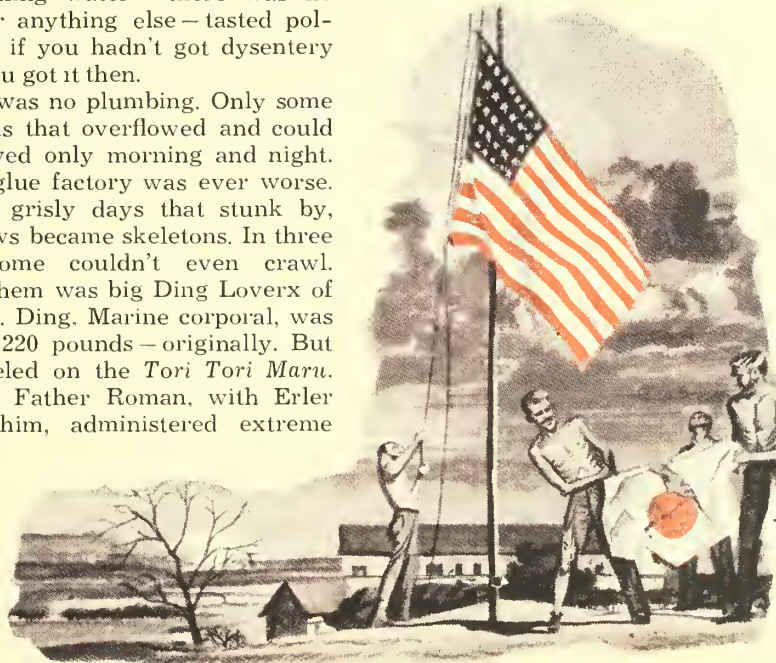
That may have been the answer. For Major Hankins came back. On his feet, too. "We will give Ding a military funeral."

They sewed Ding in canvas, tied some scrap steel on, put him on a board and draped over him the flag he had fought for. At sundown everyone went aft, even the Japs. Father Roman conducted the service, the flag-draped board and Ding were lifted to the rail, Erler held one corner of his flag, Army Sergeant Ross the other and Ding slid off to his Maker in style.

After Ding others followed about one a day. And Erler's flag came out to do them honor.

On November 11, 1942, Armistice Day of one war, men with blood thinned in a tropical furnace arrived in the snow of Fusan, Korea. Here was where hell broke over his flag, Erler said.

Of the 2000 prisoners, 1500 were taken off. Of (Continued on page 48)



WHEN they were strong enough they hauled down the Jap meatball banner

I WAS passing on all kinds of people,  
from nuclear physicists to laborers



# ***I Signed Draft Deferments***

The story of a raw recruit who found himself  
in a key spot without knowing what it was all about.

He got the idea when the bomb fell on Hiroshima

By MURRAY S. LEVINE  
as told to MICHAEL AMRINE



IN THE LAST WAR I signed draft  
deferment applications for  
52,000 men.

They ranged from hillbillies who  
could not read and write to young,  
single men who were among the most  
brilliant minds in America.

These 52,000 were far apart in brains  
and ability, but had one thing in com-  
mon. At the particular time they were  
deferred, their occupations were es-  
sential to the most important single  
project of the war. What made my job  
even tougher than any of the other  
deferments of the war effort—and I  
believe they were all tough—was the  
fact that we couldn't tell the draft  
boards one bit of information as  
to the nature of the work.

My title was "Selective Serv-

ice Chief" for the entire Manhattan  
Project and I was under the command  
of General Leslie R. Groves, the  
atomic bomb chief. We knew that the  
atomic project might end the war as  
soon as we made a bomb. I hope some  
of those draft board members with  
whom we tussled in the years from  
1943 to 1945 will read this and know  
that all of us from General Groves  
down recognize what a debt of grati-  
tude their country owes them—for  
their trust that our mysterious project  
actually *would* save the lives of hun-  
dreds of thousands of men who were  
not deferred.

Perhaps I should mention at the be-  
ginning that deferments were only  
half of my job—the other half was  
equally difficult and important—re-



## for 52,000 Men

leasing men from the atomic project to go into the Army. To the best of my knowledge, based on the records of the Manhattan Project, there were upward of 200,000 men of draft age employed on the Project at some time or other in the critical years of our work. General Groves and his able First Deputy, General K. C. Nicols, both emphasized that we had a dual responsibility on draft deferments and — I was never to forget it. “We are in the Army,” they said, “and must remember that our job is to get every man we must have — but, every man we can spare must go into active service.”

Yes, I was in the Army, although I was frequently required to wear “civvies” and thoroughly enjoyed the requirement. At the time I left the service I was a Chief Warrant Officer, and can say that was a sort of no man’s land in itself.

Perhaps my story begins with the fact that the one deferment I ever asked for myself I did not get. I was (and am) a practicing lawyer in New York, and soon after the Selective Service System was set up, became a member of Local Draft Board No. 183 in Brooklyn. However, I was registered with Board No. 225.

I had never had any military training, was 36 years old, and like millions of others had no real expectation of becoming a soldier. When my number came up with Board No. 225, I was only a year from being 38 — and over the line. However, since I was a draft



**WHEN** the general learned I was a sergeant, he screamed that he’d have me investigated

board member, they not only took me in, but decided not even to give me the usual short deferment they granted to persons enabling them to wind up their business.

My number came up on Monday, I was examined on Wednesday, and on Friday I was Private Levine.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

Now I recognize two experiences which have revolutionized my thinking. One was the day I walked in brown tweeds into one side of an old army warehouse at Camp Upton and staggered out the other side in khaki, carrying those heavy and awkward barracks bags.

The other revolutionary experience was seeing the bombs go up at Bikini. After Upton, I was never the same. After Bikini, the world will never be the same.

Putting the two together, my basic conclusion on mobilizing for the next war is that we must do it now, not after an atomic Pearl Harbor, and we must do a complete job, with civil defense and scientific brains and skilled labor also under the Selective Service System. In the next war every man — and woman — must know their duty and do it.

With the bomb project we spent many a sleepless night at Oak Ridge trying to gather up special scientific talent to fill the requirements of the Project all over the country, and particularly for the remote spaces of Hanford and Los Alamos. In large part Selective Service helped, and that was my job. Our manpower recruiting teams scoured the entire country and often the boy or man we needed, his brain packed with electronics information which was priceless in terms of money and human lives, would be found engaged in some trivial work. Our bright boy might be packing potatoes in some Quartermaster warehouse, or driving a jeep in the Signal Corps

(Continued on page 55)

# KILLERS *at the* WHEEL

The time has come to drive from the highways the murderous "repeaters" who go from one accident to another as though the law doesn't apply to them

By CLARENCE WOODBURY

**O**N A WARM EVENING last August, an object lesson of signal gruesomeness was offered to the American people. This came when Margaret Mitchell, beloved author of *Gone With the Wind*, was brutally struck down in Atlanta, Ga., by a reckless driver.

A plump, middle-aged little woman, Miss Mitchell was cautiously crossing an intersection with her husband when a taxi-cab tore wildly around a corner on the wrong side of the street. It blinded the couple with its lights,

roared straight at them. Panic-stricken, Miss Mitchell started back for the curb. She was too late. With a scream of brakes, the taxi ran her down, smashed her small body as completely as you might smash a doll by flinging it against a brick wall. She died of a fractured skull, brain concussion, internal ruptures, a broken pelvis and other injuries.

The whole world was shocked by this horror. Miss Mitchell was a truly great writer and her death was a real loss to America. But what made it most appalling was the fact that the man who killed her, 29-year-old Hugh Gravitt, had previously committed 21 other traffic offenses. Under any kind of sensible laws and enforcement he would not have been permitted to drive a car.

Yet the tragic case of Margaret Mitchell has not been taken to heart. Georgia justice finally cracked down on Hugh Gravitt, it is true, and he is now repining in prison, where he deserves to be, but all over the nation thousands of other drivers who are just as dangerous as he was are loose on the public highways. They have no more business there than rattlesnakes would have in a kindergarten, but there they are just the same—run-

ning down pedestrians, crashing into other cars, crushing skulls and spilling oceans of human gore—and we do nothing about it.

This is a disgraceful fact that is not generally realized. In considering the frightfully high incidence of motor accidents, most of us blame the wrong people. When we are told that 31,500 persons were killed in traffic crashes last year and more than 1,000,000 injured, we attribute the butchery to 'teen-age drivers or drunken drivers or even to women drivers. But we fail to put the finger on the sinister group who are responsible for a very high percentage of highway carnage—the accident repeaters.

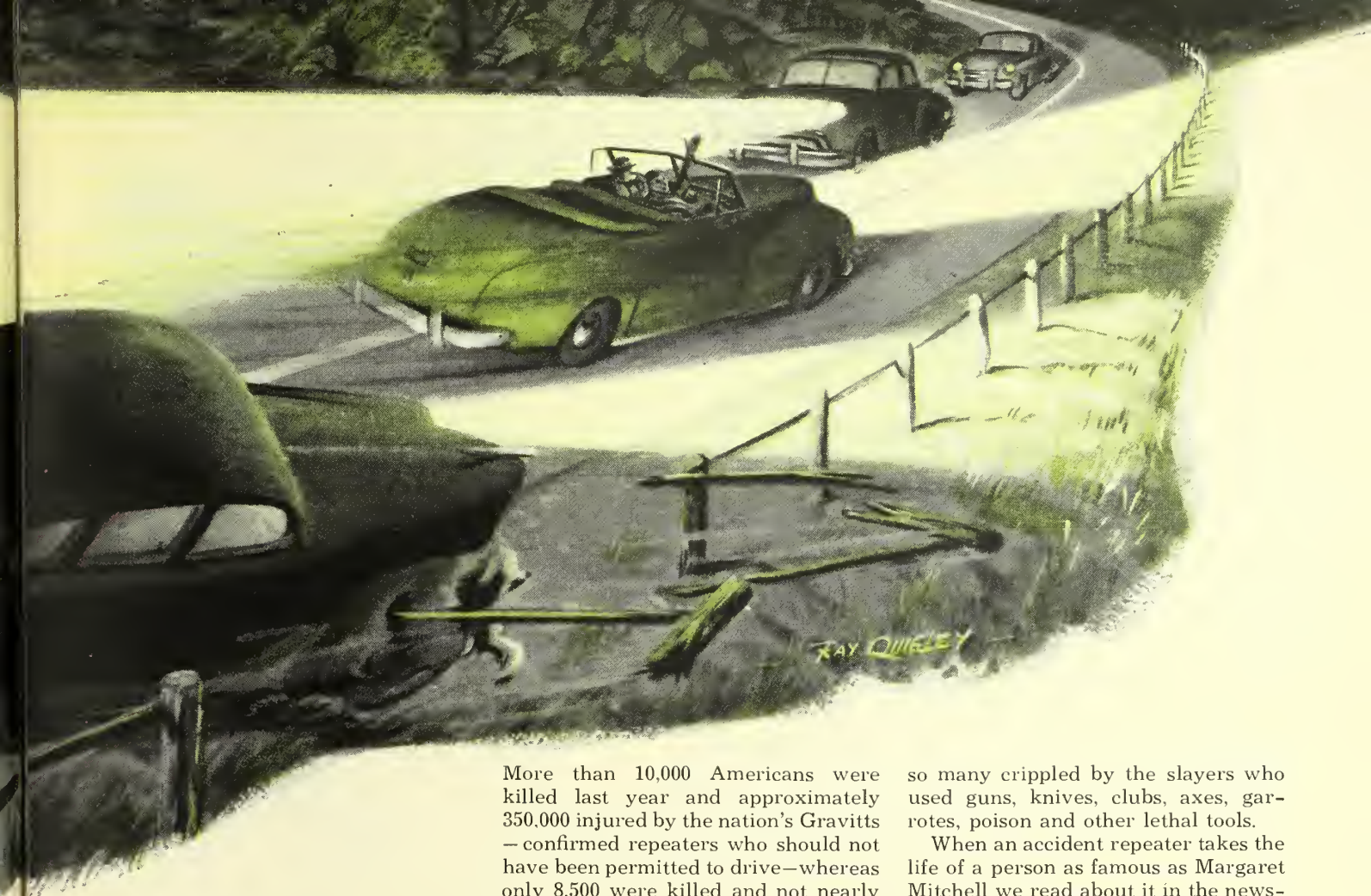
These repeaters are the people like Gravitt who have been involved in one or several serious accidents, yet are permitted to keep right on having accidents. Our laxity in regard to them is shameful. We do not license incorrigible criminals to carry guns, but we do license incorrigible traffic lawbreakers to possess and use much more deadly weapons—motor vehicles with which they kill and maim more people than do all other lawbreakers combined.

Statistics show this very plainly.

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY QUIGLEY



THERE WILL BE no sequel to "Gone With the Wind," thanks to a 21-time repeater



More than 10,000 Americans were killed last year and approximately 350,000 injured by the nation's Gravitts — confirmed repeaters who should not have been permitted to drive—whereas only 8,500 were killed and not nearly

so many crippled by the slayers who used guns, knives, clubs, axes, garrotes, poison and other lethal tools.

When an accident repeater takes the life of a person as famous as Margaret Mitchell we read about it in the newspapers, but we hear very little about the slaughter which they inflict upon their less prominent victims at the rate of more than one killing an hour, day in and day out. It is so common that it isn't even news. But that doesn't make the massacre any less ghastly.

*According to the National Safety Council, by 1952 at the latest a million Americans will have lost their lives because of auto accidents.*

Let's look at a few recent cases.

On a moonless night not long ago in the State of Iowa, a young man who had three times been found guilty of speeding took a party of his friends for a pleasure spin in his big car. Like many other repeaters, he was a show-off. Just for the hell of it, he built up the car's speed to 70 m.p.h., then 75, then 80. For an additional thrill, he dimmed his headlights and swerved the car back and forth as he blasted down a dark country road.

Suddenly another, smaller car appeared in the dimmed headlights. The repeater slammed on his brakes in vain. With a crash that could be heard half a mile, the big car rocketed into the smaller one, drove it back fifty feet, then climbed on top of it, where both lay still — a junk pile from which came

*(Continued on page 40)*

#### DEATH RODE WITH THESE REPEATERS



**PREVIOUS ACCIDENTS** didn't teach this character not to make a U-turn on a main highway. The toll, seven dead, two badly hurt



**THE MIDDLE-AGED** drunk careened along a country road and slammed into a horse-drawn sleigh filled with high school youngsters

# LIEUTENANT RYAN'S INCREDIBLE WAR

This pair of goofy American heroes was  
ready to fight or quit—but couldn't do either

By F. R. JONES



**A**BAREHEADED CORPORAL stuck his head in the door and said, "Hey, Lieutenant, are you the lieutenant that just got here?"

Ryan nodded.

"Well, the colonel wants to see you. Right away."

Ryan jumped to his feet and headed for the door, ignoring the half-empty can of meat and beans which fell to the floor, spilling most of its contents. The mess sergeant eyed it sadly with his eyes but said nothing.

As he sloshed across to the headquarters Lieutenant Ryan felt the tension tightening within him. The colonel wanted him in such a hurry. Perhaps a demoralized company wavering under heavy attack, all its officers casualties, needed to be rallied by the sudden appearance of Lieutenant William

Ryan with his latest stateside savvy.

Or a special mission of some sort. New officers, he had heard in the replacement depot, were always given the most dangerous patrols. If they survived until a succeeding batch arrived, well and good; if not, it was better to lose a green officer than an experienced one.

His first glimpse of Colonel Harley convinced Ryan that he would be sent to patrol from Luxembourg clear to Berlin, if he weren't given a couple of hand grenades and told to stage a surprise attack on a Panzer division. Twenty years in the army had given the colonel's heavy face a permanently threatening expression, which was aggravated at the moment by the knowledge that his regiment had a dangerously overextended front.



Lieutenant Ryan saluted and stood at a nervous but rigid attention.

"At ease, Lieutenant," the colonel snapped. "Relax." Ryan allowed his weight to shift slightly from one foot to the other.

"Now listen closely," the colonel went on, "this is important. I need more heavy machine-guns to cover this front I've got. Eight, at the very least. This is a defensive position, and heavy machine-guns are an absolute necessity on the defense. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Ryan muttered, mentally awarding his O.C.S. instructors a high rating for agreeing with the colonel.

"And they've got some back at Division Ordnance. I know damn well they have, and nobody's going to tell me any different." He glared at Ryan as though that nervous officer had hidden the guns somewhere and was refusing to give them up.

"Yes, sir," Ryan said, not knowing what else to say.

"Now then. I've requisitioned and requisitioned, and do I get any results?"



A NAZI tank soldier stepped forward and helped load. Ryan was beyond caring

"HO! HO!" the German captain roared.  
"Captured! You fellows are priceless!"



I do not. I want you, Lieutenant, to go back to Division Ordnance and get those guns. Understand? I'll give you a requisition, for the looks of the thing, but it's up to you to get those machine-guns. I don't care how you do it, but get 'em. I want to see you at the same time I see them, and not a second before. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's a jeep outside waiting for you. Get going."

Lieutenant Ryan braced himself to ask one question. "Sir," he said, "could you tell me where Division Ordnance is?"

The colonel looked at him as though he had never seen him before. "What? Oh—it's back in Belgium near some place called Houffalize. But your driver will know. What are you waiting for?"

Ryan saluted, turned, and ran out.

A mud-spattered jeep was waiting for him. Ryan had a brief impression that he'd seen the driver before, but he had seen so many faces in passing

during the past few days that anyone might have looked familiar. He climbed in.

"Where to, Lieutenant?" The driver was a thin, dark-faced soldier with a blurred Boston accent.

"Division Ordnance," Ryan announced, settling himself on the thin pad that pretended to upholster the steel seat. The jeep started up, spraying some additional mud on the front of the farmhouse, and turned down the snow-covered road.

They drove in silence for some time. Ryan was busily imagining schemes for dragging eight heavy machine-guns from the evil but tenacious grasp of Division Ordnance, when the jeep pulled to a stop at a fork in the road.

"Which way, Lieutenant?"

Ryan looked at him in surprise. "You're supposed to know the way. Haven't you ever been in here before?"

"Me? Don't you remember me, Lieutenant? I'm Bonelli—I came up this

morning on the same truck you did."

Ryan gulped. Now, when it was too late, he remembered with perfect clearness seeing Bonelli hunched up on the floor of the truck that morning, trying to keep out of the wind. But how in the world could a man like the colonel have made such a mistake? It was incredible. Lieutenant Ryan had not been in the army very long.

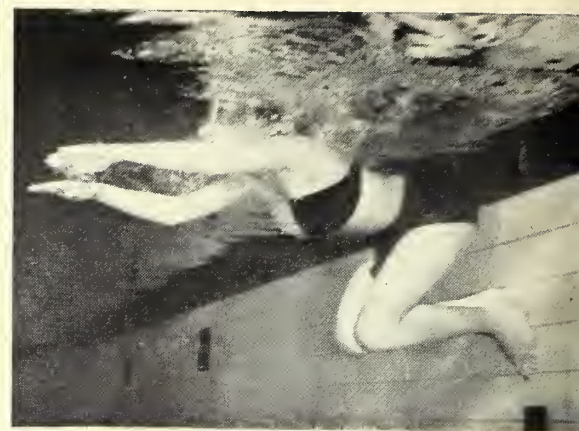
However, he had known Colonel Harley quite long enough to realize what would happen if he went back now and tried to explain that he had turned around because the driver didn't know the way. He shuddered.

"We'll just have to ask somebody, Bonelli. Get out and flag down one of those trucks. We want to get to Houffalize."

A convoy was going past in the opposite direction, and after a shouted conversation of which Ryan made out only the words, "Whatsa matter, sweetheart, you lost?" Bonelli came back.

"This way," (Continued on page 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY BUD HAWES



AS SEEN from below, Barbara Nichols holds her breath, keeps her face under water, and kicks off

# Why be afraid of WATER?

Swimming isn't hard if you go at it right. Here is the first lesson for those who want to become water babies — or get in the swim with the babes



THESE TWO underwater photos show how you can acquire confidence. Above, by relaxing you'll find body buoyancy keeping you afloat. Below, holding onto the side of pool shows how you can remain suspended



**I**N SOME QUARTERS swimming is still taught by throwing the beginner into water over his depth, letting him work his way out of the predicament as best he can. While it sometimes works it is not an approved method of teaching. Indeed, the terror of those moments in the water may cause the novice to hate the very idea of swimming.

Expert swimming teachers go about it in a different way. Their first lesson, as illustrated here, is to instill confi-

dence, and to prevent the beginner from getting into a panicky situation. In other words, the instructor lets the beginner find out for himself that it is easy to stay afloat.

Once reassured on this score, the beginner learns how to maintain his balance while floating, and the next step is to learn how to move forward by using the arms and legs.

It is interesting to note that Barbara Nichols, who posed for these pictures, was unable to swim more than



STANDING in shallow pool, Barbara learns arm stroke. Note shoulder and arm positions



HEAD POSITION is important for proper breathing with arm stroke. Wrist is bent



**THE PUSHOFF** shown at left starts Barbara on this prone glide. This shows how easy it is to move on top of the water and teaches relaxation



**THE NEXT STEP** is to add the kick to the prone glide. By doing this, Barbara is able to move the entire width of the pool—25 feet



**HOW IT LOOKS** from below. This is a back glide with kick. Note how her head is out of water and the knee is used in the kick



**THIS IS KNOWN** as finning. Here the body floats while the arms, serving like the fins of a fish, are moved to and from the sides

ten feet before this series was taken. At the end of five hours of picture-taking she was swimming with confidence and doing very well. It might also be noted that Miss Nichols merely followed the coach's instructions. At no time was she given any physical assistance. According to the coach, that is important. A beginner should *never* be held by the teacher.

To get the pictures showing Miss Nichols in the pool, a special underwater set-up had to be devised, with photographer Sid Latham taking his pictures in a watertight compartment at the bottom of the pool. Light was provided by a battery of strobe units. **THE END**

PHOTOS BY SID LATHAM

**AN OBVIOUS** preliminary lesson is demonstrated here. The point, however, is to think of what you're doing



**THIS SHOT** is a topside view of the picture above. Note that Barbara's hands are not far extended from her body—only enough to balance her

# How do you really look

This tells you how you can find out what others think of you, and how it is possible for you to make people like you more

By WILLIAM J. REILLY



**WHAT DO PEOPLE SAY** about you behind your back?

What do people *really* think of you?

No matter who you are, it's mighty important. For you may be physically attractive, you may have a lot on the ball, you may be smart or even brilliant, but if others do not think well of you, you'll not go far in life and you won't be very happy, either.

Unfortunately, when we begin to wonder about what others think of us, our mind is likely to run toward superficial things.

Some men can get themselves into quite a dither just trying to decide whether to have a moustache or not, and some women act as if their reputation depends entirely on what kind of hat they wear.

Recently I overheard a woman say to her friend, "I've taken on a little weight lately. But Joe says it's becoming. What do you think?"

Now I ask you! What could her friend say?

If this woman really wants to know whether she's getting too fat, all she has to do is to have somebody take a snap-

shot of her to provide tangible proof.

Last night, after he had addressed an association meeting, a business associate asked me whether I thought he had talked too fast, too slowly, or just about right.

"What a person has to say and whether he believes it or not are always more important than how he says it," I told him. "But I have found that one of the best ways to improve your speaking technique is to have your voice recorded, study your mistakes, and do what you can to correct them."

How we look, what we wear, how we walk, or how we talk, are things that interest us quite a bit. But they don't interest other people one-half as much as we think. And those who do set store by such things as these are not the kind of people whose opinion should worry us much.

What other people *really* think of you depends on fundamental things about you that run far deeper.

You want more than just the super-

## FOUR MARRIED COUPLES IN A FAMILIAR ACT



MR. A. comes home late from work, but Mrs. A. asks for no explanations. This shows a belief relationship exists



MR. B. comes home late with a telegram to prove he had to work late. Mrs. B. believes it, showing her confidence



MR. C. comes home late. He too has a telegram and his wife insists on studying it. Later she will check up on him



MR. D. is kept late at the office and he can prove it. But Mrs. D. wants no part of his proof. Her mind is closed

# to others?



A PERSON often worries about superficial details that his friends never even notice

ficial approval of other people. You want people to understand you and to like you for what you really are. You want them to open their minds to you, have confidence in you, believe in you. In fact, if everyone you knew, everyone you met, believed in you completely, you could have just about anything you wanted.

The whole trouble is that most people's minds are closed to most things you suggest most of the time. And unless you know how to open a person's mind, you're licked before you start.

Has it ever occurred to you that you are on one of four mental levels with everyone you know?

**Mental Level 1—The Closed Mind.** This is the "doghouse" or "dog eat dog" level in which people think "Nuts to you" or "Oh yeah?" No matter what you say, they're "agin" it. Their minds are closed to anything you suggest.

**Mental Level 2—The Open Mind.**

This is the "show me" level in which people say "What makes you think so?" These people will listen to what you have to say, but you've got to prove your point forty ways from Sunday before they'll do what you say.

**Mental Level 3—Confidence.** These people have confidence in you. Their attitude toward you is cooperative and friendly. They are willing to do what you want, but they want to know the main reasons why, and these reasons have to "make sense."

**Mental Level 4—Belief.** This is the "anything you say is okay by me" level. These people do what you ask without question. They need no evidence, no proof. They *believe* in you.

No matter what the situation is, it makes a whale of a difference—this mental level business—and you don't have to be a great psychologist to find out exactly where you stand with anyone. All you have to do is to

ILLUSTRATED BY DON LUPO

listen to what the other person says.

For example, when an overworked husband arrives home at 2 A.M. after a long hard day and night at the office, anything can happen—depending on where he stands with his wife.

Let's follow him home and see.

The front door closes quietly and opens his wife's other eye. She calls downstairs, "Is that you, Henry?"

"Yes, dear," he replies wearily.

"Where have you been?" she asks. She's at his side now, roping her negligence.

"Working late at the office, dear," he explains.

"Oh, then you must be tired, darling," smiles the little wife, sympathetically. "Don't you want something to eat before you go to bed?"

Now *there's* a *belief* relationship!

Suppose, however, she says, "Working at the office until this time of night? Must have been a mighty important job!"

"It *was*, dear," says Henry, reaching into his pocket. "Here's a wire that came from the Chicago office insisting that we finish our reports before tomorrow."

"Well, I think they're working you too hard at that old office, darling. They ought to be paying you more money," comments the little wife. "Do you want something to eat before you go to bed?"

Now *there's* a *confidence* relationship! High confidence!

But suppose the little woman wants to *see* that wire from Chicago and wants to know who else was working with Henry at this busy little office, and when he says, "Jack!", suppose she counters with "Okay, Jack and Lucy are coming over for bridge tomorrow night. I'll see what he has to say."

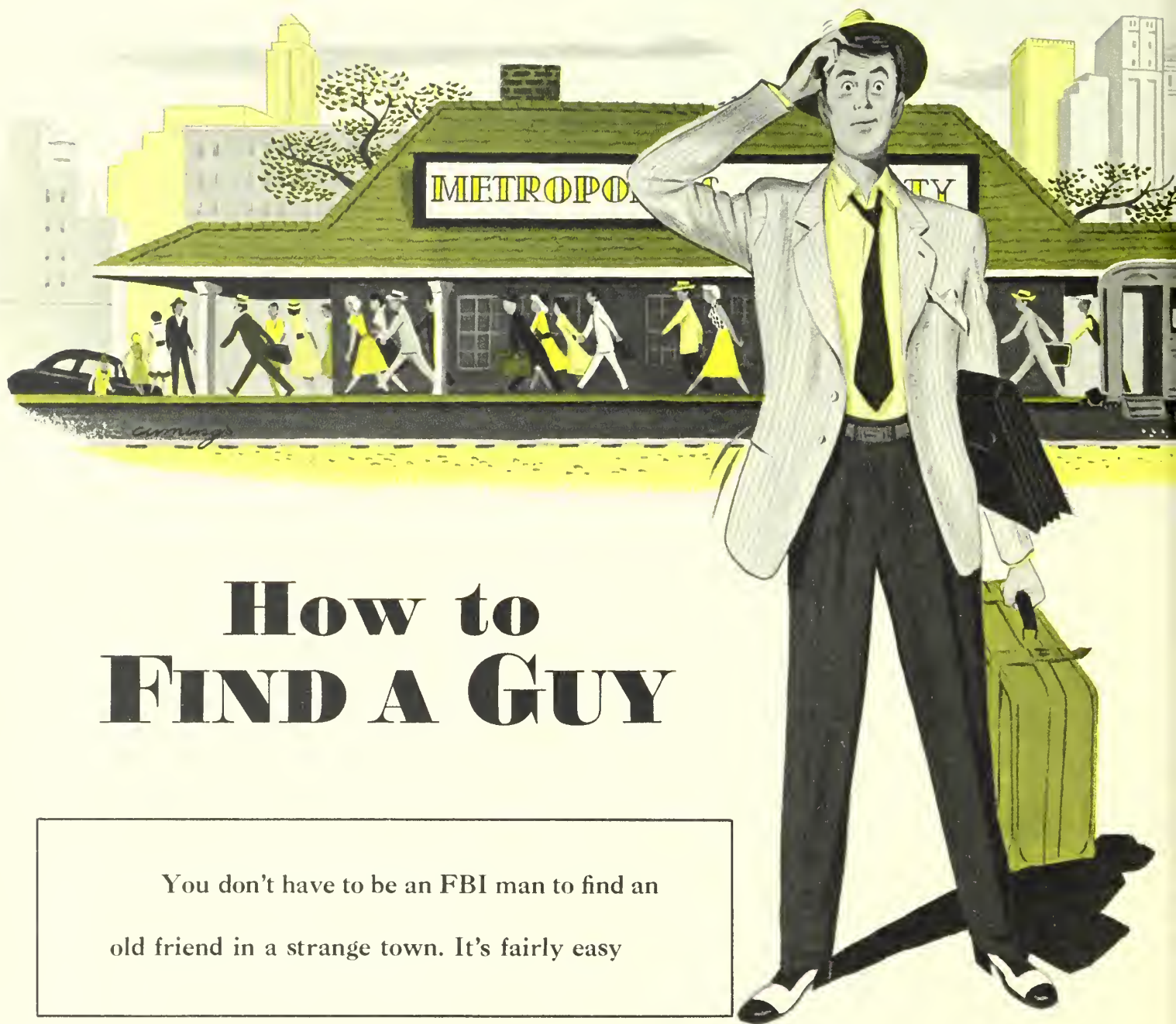
Now *she's* merely open-minded. She'll listen, but she needs a lot of evidence.

Finally, suppose she doesn't even give poor Henry a chance to finish telling her that he's been "working late at the off . . ." Suppose she cuts right in with "Why . . . you . . . dog! You . . . rat! I'll find out where you *really* were tonight if it's the last thing I do!"

Now *there's* a *closed mind*. She's thinking negatively in relation to Henry.

Now, you see how easy it is to find out exactly where you stand with anyone.

Next time you ask your boss for a raise, if he says, "I've had that in mind for some time, Thomas. I'll arrange a 10 per cent increase beginning next week," you can put your boss on Mental Level No. 4—Belief. If he says, "You ought to (Continued on page 60)



# How to FIND A GUY

You don't have to be an FBI man to find an  
old friend in a strange town. It's fairly easy

By FOSTER HALEY

**H**ERE YOU ARE in Metropolis, U.S.A., and all of a sudden you remembered that your old pal John D. Dodo lives here.

He owes you some dough. Or maybe you want to have a beer with him before you leave town.

But he's a bachelor; Heaven knows what his address is.

You look in the phone book. No soap, no Dodo.

Information—please you or not—has never heard of him.

How to find him?

How to find anybody in a strange



The phone may be in the *city* directory

city . . . any time . . . any place?

You can do it, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, no matter how hopeless you think it is. It takes about as much talent as unwinding a paper clip.

Take Dodo. No phone, so you look him up in the *city* directory.

If Dodo's town is too small to have a city directory, all you have to do is stop reading this and ask about him at the crossroads general store.

Who's got a city directory? Check the banks, police stations, court-houses, loan companies, the chamber of commerce, newspapers—or walk in the first store you come to and smile. They're doing you a favor.

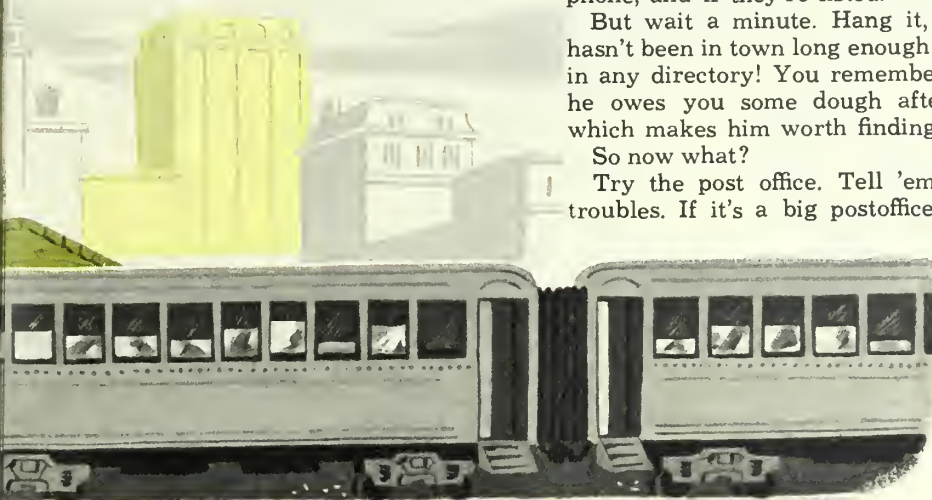
that his old barracks-mate is in town.

Some city directories are even nice enough to give the telephone numbers of everybody listed. If they have a phone, and if they're listed.

But wait a minute. Hang it, Dodo hasn't been in town long enough to get in any directory! You remember that he owes you some dough after all, which makes him worth finding.

So now what?

Try the post office. Tell 'em your troubles. If it's a big postoffice, they



Look under D-for-Dodo, and guess who you find!

But wait! You don't want to see Dodo after all; you just want to say Hello on the phone. But he hasn't got a phone listed.

So all right, what's his address in the city directory? No. 100 Main Street, wasn't it?

Flip over to the back of the book where the streets are listed. Look for Main. Look for No. 100.

There! Mrs. Mack McGinty lives there. Dodo's landlady, no less.

Her phone is his phone. Look up her number in the phone book, and she'll holler upstairs for Dodo, who will probably drop dead when he finds out



Directories can be found in public places

won't listen. But they will do this:

They'll let you write Dodo a letter. Send it by registered mail and ask for a return receipt.

You don't know his street address, so send it to: John D. Dodo, Metropolis, U.S.A.

If they can find him, then they will tell you the address they delivered the letter to. Catch the first cab.

But what if the post office can't locate him?

Call the gas and light companies . . . maybe he's a customer. He could have a bachelor apartment, couldn't he?

Does he have a library card? Don't ask at the stockyards.

He's bound to owe money. Ask the credit associations where bill collectors lay their hands on him. They're probably looking for him too.

If he's a veteran, stop at the local American Legion Post.



Buddy up to a cop. He may be helpful

But be nice to all these people now. If they don't feel like it, they don't have to tell you a thing.

If you're really serious, buddy up to a cop right quick and get him to visit a couple of places and help you



If he's a vet, be sure to try the Legion Post

do the asking. Cops have friends. You're looking for one. Or is he?

You've got a million ways to check yet.

Is he a big church man? Call a minister.

Has he ever been in jail? They keep records, you know, and might have something on you as well as Dodo. Maybe he's in the jug now.

If the newspapers ever ran a picture or story on him, it's possible they'll have (Continued on page 63)



The post office may help, but probably won't

ILLUSTRATED BY ART CUMINGS



JUDO IS EFFECTIVE



AGAINST PUNCHES

BOB SCHIAVELLI, judo instructor, demonstrates one defense against a roundhouse right

BOB BLOCKS the punch with his outthrust arm and makes no attempt to counter punch



WITH HIS HIP used as a fulcrum, Schiavelli pulls down his attacker's right arm

# Suppose Someone Comes at You

The defender, big or little, has the advantage if he knows judo, according to this expert

By JAMES TWOHY as told to JOHN MACAULEY

**T**WENTY YEARS AGO, if you were the aggressive type, you would probably ask a stranger outside if he tried to flirt with your girl. If a drunk attempted in some fashion to impugn your manhood, you would have possibly been more than willing to settle the issue in a nearby alley. Nowadays, if you are smart you will always settle any argument peacefully, if you can still come off with your self-respect.

Never tangle with a stranger was always good advice. It is even better counsel today. Any Armed Forces veteran who has experienced basic training in unarmed defense has been taught to kill and maim with his bare hands. The most innocent looking Caspar Milquetoast may be a "sleeper." I look no more imposing than an average shoe clerk or a slightly aged delivery boy, but I am a student of unarmed combat. I could kill a man with my bare hands in a matter of seconds. The advice I have given above has always been the watchword of the student of gutter fighting. He knows that somewhere — maybe standing right beside him — is the man who can best him. The case of the wrestler in Alaska is illustrative.

During World War II, I began my first lesson as unarmed combat instructor of the 30th Coast Artillery at Fort Richardson. On this icy morning, with my flock of two dozen GIs gathered about me, I led off with my general preamble about unarmed combat. Then, as I started the simple basic demonstration of how to break a wrist

hold, I noticed a massive specimen of Uncle Sam's finest sizing me up. He was at least six feet four inches tall, with thick, long arms and legs the size of young tree trunks. Any two of my other pupils could have wrapped themselves comfortably in his bulging tunic. I weigh 170 pounds, and he was a good 100 pounds heavier. Between two cauliflower ears and a top of a bull neck was a little head, and the expression below the Neanderthal forehead was derisive to say the least. "I used to be a wrestler," this apparition grated surprisingly, "and I think this stuff is a lot of bunk. I don't think you can put any hold on me I can't break."

This challenge could not be sloughed

**FLAT ON YOUR BACK**, you can still turn the situation to your advantage. This cross-arm choke will leave a man unconscious in a few seconds





**OFF BALANCE**, the attacker is easily thrown and the heavy fall will leave him helpless

off without my losing face with my round-eyed class.

It was a tough test. If my knees were not knocking together as I approached him, they were very weak. Every one of the exgroaner's plentiful muscles was taut as I quickly put a back strangle on him, which shuts off both the wind and the blood supply to the brain. As he forced me down to my knees and over on my back, I kept tightening my hold. Suddenly he stopped struggling, and I thought he was faking. A second later, when I did let him go, he was unconscious. As I told my class later, in another three or four seconds, he would have been dead. The only real damage he suffered, however, was being stricken dumb for a week. During that time he was much my best pupil, nodding soulfully every time I made a statement.

Sure I taught him a lesson! Yet I was possibly as rash in accepting this challenge as he was to make it. There were other ways I could have shown my superiority. No one who holds the amount of deadly knowledge possessed by me has the right to exert his full strength in a killing hold.

Unarmed combat, more informally known as gutter or barroom fighting, is a combination of boxing, wrestling and judo. Add to this a smattering of Savate, the French-Siamese foot fighting, and any number of dirty tricks such as effectively wielding the broken end of a bottle. It is not nice. No trained all-around fighter of average intelligence believes in either

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB ISEAR

good natured brawling or demonstrating his prowess as combatant. He fights for keeps. His objective is to keep from getting hurt by rendering his opponent helpless. Generally, the trained fighter's knowledge will stop the most serious brawl far short of homicide, but the most important factor is that if necessary he can carry it to this extreme.

Judo is the best basic study for the student of unarmed defense. Correct dress in wrestling consists of skimpy shorts or a g-string. In Savate and boxing, no grips are allowed. But in judo one dresses in a costume similar to street clothes and many choke holds are based on these garments. A man can be strangled with his own coat or shirt in a matter of seconds.

In rough-and-tumble fighting judo is far from infallible. There is no defense against a right cross—if it lands. A Savate expert can cripple an opponent or kick him off balance so that he is open for a well-placed foot in the groin or face. Also, there are many wrestling holds which cannot be broken, and when applied to the maximum can break bones, rupture or kill.

Nevertheless, using the sides of his

palms instead of his fists, a jujitsu student could slug toe to toe with a boxer, and the boxer could not clinch. The judo man might be able to apply as great a variety of holds as the wrestler he was up against, and if these failed his trained fingers could seek out any number of vulnerable nerve centers. And a Savate student carrying the offensive to his judo-versed adversary might have his foot grabbed and his ankle or knee broken.

You see, Judo is akin to almost every type of weaponless fighting. Therefore, it is more versatile and useful than any of the others. Throughout the world the best law enforcement agencies teach their rookies several types of unarmed combat, but the emphasis is almost invariably on judo.

My knowledge of and interest in unarmed combat was acquired as a three-year member of the Shanghai Municipal Police Force, which enforced the law in that wicked city's celebrated International Settlement. Crime throughout Shanghai during my stay there was more prevalent than in Chicago's blackest days. I doubt if there (Continued on page 45)

#### BIG MEN LIKE TO USE THIS BEAR HUG ATTACK



**A HOLD** of this kind can result in a broken back unless quickly countered



**IF HIS ARMS** are not pinned, the defender places his thumbs under the ears



**A STEADY PUSH** on the carotid arteries will cause a sharp disconcerting pain



**TO RELIEVE** the pressure, the attacker will involuntarily release his hold



**GALE SHERWOOD** gets a top singing role

# On with the SHOW!

One of the most lavish musicals ever staged is "Red, White and Blue," being backed by The American Legion

By MURPHY McHENRY

**T**HERE'S NO BUSINESS like show business and now The American Legion is in a fair way to become the greatest and most successful "angel" show business has ever known. Most people think of an angel as an easy-going character who puts up money he never gets back. In truth, many angels

have become rich. It all depends upon the kind of vehicle to which the angel hitches his or her wagon.

Just to make it easy, most Broadway shows open up with anywhere from twenty to forty backers — sometimes they have more. On the other hand, there are many shows, notably by proven hit-makers, which have long lines of people anxious to "buy in" — only to be told there isn't a chance.

This leads to the observation that show business isn't an amateur's game. It requires experience and talent and plenty of "know-how." Which is the entrance cue for LeRoy Prinz and Owen Crump, producers of the American Legion's all-American revue, *Red, White and Blue*, which will soon be touring the nation raising much needed funds for veteran rehabilitation and child welfare work.

The American Legion, on the national level, has never been involved in "gimmicks" to raise money. It has never been in conflict with private enterprise. *Red, White and Blue* goes before the vast American theatre public upholding this fine tradition. There's no "gimmick" — it's a great, big professional show made up of veterans, sons and daughters of veterans or performers who worked in camp shows at home or abroad during World War I or World War II. The show will play at regular legitimate theatre prices. There's no conflict with private enterprise because without the backing of the Legion, a show of this magnitude would not be possible.

Just when it all started, nobody exactly knows, (Continued on page 39)



**LeROY PRINZ** who, with Owen Crump, is producing the big musical, tries out some costume material on Camille Williams, left, and Claire Dennis

# Entire Legion Structure Reviewed In 3-Day Meet Of National Exec. Committee; Foreign Policy Re-stated

**Progress Reports Received from all Commissions — Strong Opposition Expressed to Hoover Report Relating to Vets**

In an action-packed three-day session of the Legion's National Executive Committee held at the National Headquarters on May 3-5, the lines were tightened for a quickened and aggressive campaign on all fronts of the Legion's active interest; the internal affairs of the organization were re-examined, and a broad and sweeping foreign policy statement was enunciated.

The five long sessions presided over by National Commander George N. Craig heard progress reports from all of the Legion's Commissions and from many of the special committees, embracing every phase of the wide-flung programs. The top governing body listened to addresses by Edward H. Foley, Jr., Under Secretary of the Treasury, who reported the plan of the Independence Savings Bond drive; Dr. Leonard H. Rowntree, who spoke on the plan of organizing a Mental Health Foundation; Brigadier General D. John Markey, of the American Battle Monuments Commission; Major General Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, and Kenneth D. Wells, Executive Vice President of Freedoms Foundation.

## Legislative Actions

On the legislative front, the Legion's strong opposition to four points of the Hoover Commission's Report, relating to veterans, was strongly reaffirmed. "The American Legion shall vigorously oppose and continue to fight these changes as specified in the United Medical Administration, Veterans Insurance Corporation, VA Hospital Construction, Home Loan Guaranty, and Veterans Preference," concluded the resolution. The five points are embodied in Numbers 2, 9, 14 and 16 of the Hoover Report.

Resolutions were adopted urging the President and Congress to reactivate or establish a Federal Board of Hospitalization to coordinate and assure complete utilization of Federal hospitals; to permit retroactive benefit payments in cases of correction of military or naval records; to study the need for more hospital beds, particularly in the neuropsychiatric and tubercular fields, and to immediately care for the increasing number of women patients by providing additional beds.

In view of the mounting waiting lists of eligible veterans for beds in VA hospitals, protests were made of the closing of the Birmingham Hospital at Van Nuys, California, and that pending the completion of authorized hospitals in California (where the need is acute)

that suitable Army and Navy hospitals be taken over. A direct request was made to VA to take over and continue operation of Percy Jones Hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan, and Valley Forge General Hospital, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

Uniform State laws governing desertion and non-support cases were advocated, with an arrangement for States to enter reciprocal agreements for returning deserting parents who have crossed State lines. This action was taken after a report of the Child Welfare Commission declared that the major cause of dependency of children is the desertion and non-support of the wage earning parent. A national conference of experts to discuss the problem of sex crimes against children was also urged. This proposal grew out of the action taken at the recent series of Child Welfare conferences held recently in different parts of the nation.

Without changing its firm demand for the immediate enactment of legislation embodying the principles of providing a

reservoir of trained men under a system of National Security Training, the top policy making Committee modified its stand on the extension of the peacetime Selective Service law. It was asked that the Selective Service law be extended to implement the National Security Training program — NST to create a body of trained personnel for national defense; Selective Service to effectuate the defense system by providing machinery for utilizing this personnel in case of emergency.

The principle of National Security Training, which as Universal Military Training or in its present form, has been a 30-year program with the Legion, was reaffirmed. This plan would provide four months of active training for youths, plus enrollment in reserve training units.

## No Manpower Reserve

The action came after Major General Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, addressed the Committee in a frank appraisal in down-to-earth language of the present defense situation insofar as manpower is concerned.

"We have been caught without any manpower to draw upon," General Hershey told the Committee. "We've allowed ourselves to get mired down in words. There has been a lot of talk about training, talk about service, and talk about peace, but no action. We must act now."

In other resolutions relating to national defense and national security, the Legion suggested the roles and missions of the Air National Guard be changed so that it would not be responsible for the instantaneous air defense of the country; that adequate radar defenses and sufficient combatant air defense interceptor units be set up to insure air security; that the American Merchant Marine be enlarged and strengthened both for commerce and national defense; deplored the delay in setting up a civil defense program, but commended recent progress and called for a further speed-up, and called for passage of bills to provide for National Guard and Reserve armory construction.

To tighten the lines of national security a resolution was adopted urging the extension of the Federal statute of limitation as it applies to espionage and sedition laws. It was pointed out that the present three-year limit is permitting communists, fellow travelers and other subversives to go free without prosecution for offenses detected too late. No specific time limit recommendation was made. Another resolution endorsed Congressional investigations to expose communists in the Government and the

## O'NEIL NAMED TO DIRECT LEGION'S PUBLICATIONS

Announcement has been made that James F. O'Neil, Manchester, New Hampshire, will become Director of Publications for The American Legion, effective July 1st. He will succeed James F. Barton who has served as Director since 1932, but who will reach the age of retirement under the Legion's system in early January, 1951. Mr. Barton will remain in the capacity of Advisory Director until his retirement. He recently completed 25 years of service with the National Organization as Assistant National Adjutant, National Adjutant and Director of Publications, and prior to that service was Department Adjutant of Iowa.

Mr. O'Neil has been long in Legion service in his Post, Department and the National Organization. He served as National Commander during the 1947-48 term, and has served as Chairman of the Publications Commission during the past year. After nine years on the staff of the *Manchester Union-Leader*, he was appointed Deputy Chief of Police of Manchester in 1934, and has been Chief since 1937. He will assume his new position in the New York offices of *The American Legion Magazine* on July 1.

persons who employ them. Safeguards were advocated to see that reeds, once dismissed, are not reemployed by the Government.

A vote of confidence was given J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation for their efforts in "investigating subversive agencies and individuals who seek to destroy our freedoms," and in another resolution, the Honorable George B. Harris, United States District Judge, and F. Joseph Donohue, District Attorney, were commended "for the fairness and firmness in the highest American tradition of impartial justice" in the recent trial and conviction of Harry Bridges for perjury. Bridges, tried in the Court at San Francisco, had denied communistic associations when applying for citizenship.

#### All-American Conference

The All-American Conference, called by National Commander Craig for a meeting in New York City in January, to consider means of forming a united national front against communism and subversion, was given the whole-hearted approval of the governing body. Sixty-six national organizations representing a complete cross-section of the social, fraternal, church, labor, industrial and other facets of American life and interests responded and participated in the initial Conference. A permanent organization meeting is called to be held in Chicago on May 13-14.

"The National Executive Committee authorizes and instructs the National Commander," says the resolution, "to join in participation with patriotic and like minded organizations seeking to form an All-American Conference against communism and to pursue this action with all the vigor and facilities that he deems expedient and compatible with the Legion's aggressive fight against communism."

A highlight of the Thursday morning session was the address of Kenneth D. Wells, Executive Vice President of Freedoms Foundation, of Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, representing this non-political, non-commercial, non-sectarian, and non-profit organization, but which operates to encourage a better understanding of the American way of life. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Wells, in the name of Freedoms Foundation, presented a bronze plaque to National Commander Craig which had been awarded the Legion's National Americanism Commission for its outstanding accomplishments.

The citation reads: "For vast creative talent — intelligently applied on the broad canvas of 48 States — providing leadership in citizenship to all elements of our nation by the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion."

In a bold and sweeping statement of its foreign relations policy, the Foreign Relations Commission, chaired by William Verity, Middletown, Ohio, called for the defense of Formosa, formation of a Pacific Alliance, opposition to World Federation or World Government, strengthening of the United Na-

tions, aid to the Philippines in resisting communism, and continuation of the European Recovery Program.

"We believe it imperative that our Department of Defense appraise the defendability of Formosa at once with the thought that Formosa be preserved, with our help, as a bastion of freedom and a base for military operations against the communist aggressors on the mainland of Asia."

The complete text of the statement of foreign policy submitted by the Foreign Relations Commission and adopted by the National Executive Committee will be published in the next number of this magazine.

The report and statement of policy adopted by the National Executive Committee also called for a Far Eastern counterpart of the North Atlantic Pact. It urged forming this regional alliance of countries "who, though self-help and mutual aid, desire to guarantee their mutual defense and to preserve individual liberties."

If Formosa is abandoned, the resolution declared, "we are merely borrowing a temporary period of peace until we are forced to face the same issue in another place which will be just a bit closer to the heart of our national defense structure." The policy statement continued: "The best evaluation of any foreign policy is whether or not it can keep the peace. We know that we cannot have peace by just wishing for it or negotiating a temporary breathing spell with the Politburo."

The policy statement also called for strengthening the United Nations by removal of the veto power in issues for aggression and preparations for aggression, international control of atomic energy with guarantee of international inspection, and establishment of a "tyranny-proof" international police

force. Favored Government cooperation with private enterprise to develop backward areas of the world — the fourth point in President Truman's program. Reaffirmed the position taken at the Philadelphia National Convention that "our support should be made available to any patriotic groups or organization of Chinese whose principles and stability are worthy of our confidence and who will vigorously fight communism and outside aggressors to preserve the basic rights of a free China." Recognition of communist China was opposed.

#### Legion's DSM Awarded

The Distinguished Service Medal — the Legion's highest and most jealously guarded award — was granted to Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts, Major General Milton A. Reckord, Baltimore, Maryland, and Charles F. Johnson, Jr., President of the Endicott-Johnson Corporation, Johnson City, New York. The medals will be presented at the National Convention at Los Angeles, October 9-12.

Some confusion has resulted from Post and other unit awards of "Distinguished Service Medals" to men and women who have rendered some outstanding service. To cure this situation, the National Executive Committee provided that "No local unit of The American Legion shall present any certificate, medal or award in the name of the National Organization unless specifically authorized by the National Executive Committee or the National Convention."

Posts were asked to survey the wartime honor rolls erected in their communities, and report all delapidated and deteriorated memorials to the group responsible for its erection. If the honor rolls tablets cannot be restored, then ask for their removal.

The Internal Affairs Commission, among many other reports of successful programs, dwelt on the success of the Tide of Toys and the spontaneous response from the Posts in an effort to bring together toys from the children for the children of Europe. Provision was made for the continuance of the program by authorizing the National Commander to set up such committees as necessary to carry on the program of good will.

A citation was awarded Drew Pearson "in recognition of his bold and diligent efforts to promote reciprocal understanding between the people of the United States and those of Western Europe . . . and more recently by his extraordinary cooperation with The American Legion in the planning and execution of the Tide of Toys."

The meeting just closed was perhaps the last sitting of the National Executive Committee in the historic quarter-century old assembly chamber in the building at 777 North Meridian Street. The new two and a half million dollar National Headquarters building, just across the plaza from the present headquarters, will be completed within the next few weeks. The formal dedication of the new building has been tentatively set for July 4th.

#### MISS PUSCHNER RETIRES AS CHILD WELFARE HEAD

After 25 years as Director of the National Child Welfare Division of The American Legion, Miss Emma Puschner retired from that office on April 30. She will return to her home at St. Louis, Missouri, for a rest after the strenuous years in building up the Legion's child welfare division into one of the most effective child caring units in the entire nation.

National Commander George N. Craig announced the appointment of Randel Shake, Indianapolis, as Miss Puschner's successor, effective May 1st. Director Shake has served as Associate Director for some years. At the same time, Charles W. (Pat) Geile, Jr., was moved up to the position formerly held by Shake. Both Director Shake and Associate Director Geile are WW2 veterans, both native Hoosiers, both are graduates of DePauw University, and both started their careers in welfare work with the Indiana State Department of Public Welfare.

# LET'S KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT

## Report of Testimony Given By National Commander Craig and Medical Experts Before Congressional Committee on UMA Bill

By **ELMER W. SHERWOOD**  
*Chairman, National Legislative Commission*

Let's keep the record straight.

The American Legion is for economy and efficiency. This fact was brought out by every Legion witness who appeared before the House Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments. Proof positive also are our Convention mandates for closing Veterans Admin-

istration district offices and for other economies to be effected within the VA. The Legion has supported many important recommendations of the Hoover Commission already in force by Congress.

But a meticulous study of that portion of the Hoover Report which would dismem-

ber the VA leaves no doubt in the minds of specialists thoroughly trained in the administration of veteran affairs that adoption of such a measure would result in increased cost to the taxpayer and in vast duplication of effort and needless red tape . . . an experiment which would be "futile in peace, impossible in war."

That was the substance of testimony given by National Commander George N. Craig in opposing H.R. 5182 before the House committee. His denunciation of this bill . . . which would create a gigantic new United Medical Administration to combine the medical functions of the VA, the Armed Forces and the U.S. Public Health Service . . . was vigorously backed up by noted medical authorities headed by Dr. Charles W. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, and Dr. Leonard G. Rowntree, of Miami, Florida, wartime national medical director of the Selective Service System, both of whom appeared personally before the committee on March 29.

### Support of Part of Report

The fact that The American Legion has stood steadfastly for efficiency and economy was ably borne out by Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin, who, in a letter to The American Legion on September 16, 1949, said: "I want to tell you again how much I appreciate your help in presenting to the Congress and the members thereof in a variety of ways the Legion's interest in Reorganization Plan No. 2 (of the Hoover Commission)," which in the interest of efficiency and economy resulted in the transfer of the Bureau of Employment Security from the Federal Security Agency to the Department of Labor. In the American Legion's support of that Hoover Commission plan, we were faced with determined opposition by state and national officials of the Cham-

ber of Commerce of the United States, which today is one of the most vociferous critics of the Legion stand on the United Medical Administration bill. The American Legion has maintained its position on the Hoover Plan No. 2, as it now does on the UMA bill, because we stand for single responsibility.

It should be remembered that The American Legion also supported the Hoover Commission recommendation for unification of the Armed Forces. The Legion then, as now, based its stand on the principle of single responsibility and economy.

### Breaks Faith With All

Speaking in support of the Legion stand at the UMA bill hearing, the eminent Dr. Mayo said:

"I do not believe that H.R. 5182 will be able to attain its objectives, chief of which are to preserve health of all those in the Armed services, to perform the functions now delegated to the Public Health Service, and to take over the Veterans Administration and perform its obligations, as designed by Congress.

"This bill attempts to gather under one roof too much for it to hold administratively, economically or efficiently. Such a move in my opinion would be an act of medical regression, not progression, would be false economy and would result in less efficiency."

Visibly impressed by Dr. Mayo's statements, the Congressional committee then heard Dr. Rowntree declare emphatically that the measure "constitutes a breach of faith."

"It breaks faith with the veteran, it breaks faith with the people of the United States, and it breaks faith with the medical profession," he stated. "Such a breach of faith undermines the integrity of the nation and the confidence of the people in government."

Dr. Rowntree asserted that "the recommendations of the Hoover Commission so far as they concern medicine are based on insufficient knowledge of existing needs, are inadequate in scope, unjust in principle and unsound in the solution they offer to our problem." He contended that the bill would make "our present medical leaders subservient to political appointees."

Dr. Rowntree scored the Commission proposals, stating that passage of the United Medical Administration measure

"would commit multiple and irrevocable errors that even time and experience may not be able to remedy."

In spearheading the Legion's opposition to the UMA bill, National Commander Craig said "creation of a United Medical Administration as part of the dismem-



Dr. Charles W. Mayo

berment of the VA would result in an injustice to America's veterans and instead of economy would present additional bills of expense to government.

"Congress has an unwritten pact with the veterans of our nation," he told the committee. "As it is now, Congress can say to the veteran: 'This has been promised. This has been done. This is working.' Why disturb a program that in the main is functioning satisfactorily? Why dismember an agency, which has proved itself in practice, to experiment with a new and untried agency that appears futile in peace, impossible in war?"

Commander Craig invited the House Committee's attention to the fact that in the Hoover Commission report on "Medical Activities," upon the recommendations of which H.R. 5182 is based, "a majority of the members of the Commission, (Continued on page 34)

## NATIONAL COMMANDER CRAIG OPPOSES "COSTLY EXPERIMENT"



National Commander George N. Craig (left) states The American Legion's stand on the UMA bill before House Committee. At right, Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., of New York, and in center background John Thomas Taylor, National Legislative Consultant of the Legion.

# IT HAPPENED ONE DAY IN MOSINEE

## Wisconsin City Residents Get a Peek at the Iron Curtain When Taken Over in a Quick Coup by Mock "Commie" Raiders

Mosinee, Wisconsin, had one day under communist rule—14 hours of it on May 1st—and the good townsfolk didn't like it. It was 14 hours of the most smashing, dramatic demonstration of what communism really is and what it means to the ordinary citizen ever staged in an American town. And Mosinee citizens were glad to return their city to the good old U.S.A. at the end of the day and once more enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Potato soup and black bread—all that could be had in the town on that day—had ceased to be a novelty. Restrictions of movement, the necessary ration permits in order to buy from the local merchants, the road-blocks and exit permits needed to leave the town, and a dozen other restrictive measures strictly enforced had grown a bit irksome. Even the chief commissar, a Moscow-trained organizer, was glad when the day was over and he could shove his feet under the table to face a full and satisfying meal.

It can't happen here? It did happen one day in Mosinee as a dramatic object lesson, realistically portrayed, to demonstrate to all of America the national peril of the communistic movement, and the ease with which a trained body of saboteurs can move into and take over a peaceful city. It was but a mock seizure of the municipal government and the "capitalist" citizens of Mosinee, a truly representative Wisconsin town of some 2,200 population.

### City Taken with Ease

The capture of Mosinee was a pageant, without rehearsals, produced and staged by the Wisconsin Department of The American Legion—but it could not have been produced without the consent and the co-operation of the loyal citizens of Mosinee. Its whole purpose was to demonstrate to the people of America the treachery, betrayal and ultimate slavery which is masked by the term "communism." The production went far beyond the term dramatic.

In the early dawn of May 1st the combat team of about 75 "activists" swept down upon the town. The first "victim" was Mayor Ralph E. Kronenwetter who was dragged from his bed and taken into "protective custody." Next Chief of Police Carl Gewis was arrested and on his stubborn refusal to "conform" was summarily "executed" by Commissar Ben Gitlow. Only 3 hours and 28 minutes had elapsed from the "arrest" of Mayor Kronenwetter down to the herding of the population into "Red Square," facing the Legion home, when the Mayor—a gun held at his back—told his people that they were under communist rule. The "activists"—Legionnaires from neighboring towns and cities—were quietly and deadly efficient.

The whole program was staged in a series of pageant events. Between the highlight scenes, the "activists" secured the town, set up the road blocks, took over and "nationalized" all business houses, regulated the movement of citizens, inspected homes for "subversive capitalistic literature," and pushed the townspeople around generally. Bakeries were instructed to sell only the loaves of black bread, and all restaurants were ordered to serve only potato soup and black bread that day. Coffee was permitted, at a price, but one had to take it barefooted, without the solace of sugar and cream.

One of the highlights was a policed parade of men, women and children down Main Street to "Red Square" to hear their Mayor tell them that their city had been taken over. In this city of 2,200 population, more than 1,000 took part in the parade, with red flags, and usual commie banners proclaiming "Competition is Waste," "Religion is the Opiate of the People," "Cast Off the Chains of Capitalism," and many other slogans following the "party line." The power house of the Mosinee Paper Mill, the town's one big industry, was violently seized; clergymen were interrupted in their services and herded into a barbed-wire stockade; the public library was raided and all "capitalistic" books were thrown out into the street; private property was "confiscated" and "nationalized"; "social service" classes and Young Communist Leagues were organized and taught the "communist" line, and even private homes were invaded.

The office of the *Mosinee Times* was an early object of the gentle ministrations of the "activists." The paper was seized, and Editor Francis Schweinler, who was also General Chairman of the "Commie Day" Committee, was properly

rough-housed as a "capitalist pig." His presses were grinding out copies of the *Red Star* on red paper within minutes after his plant had been "nationalized." Late in the evening the movie theatre was raided and the film then showing—"Guilty of Treason"—was confiscated and a commie propaganda film was substituted.

### Patriotic Rally Ends Day

The climax came at 8 o'clock in the evening, when more than 1,200 people gathered at Dessert Park in a great patriotic rally. The city had returned to the American way of life, and to more forcefully demonstrate that return a huge bonfire burned in the center of the park, fed by the placards, signs used about the city, proclamations, and other paraphernalia used in the pageant. "All of us felt unclean in even simulating this day under communism," said Chairman Schweinler. "We are purging our city of all evidences of the 'occupation' by clean fire." Old Glory was hoisted to the top of the mast. Patriotic songs were sung, and Legion Department Commander Charles L. Larson delivered a stirring address.

He described Mosinee's May Day experience as a "mild demonstration of totalitarianism."

"It has been the purpose of The American Legion to depict life under communism so that you who live in Mosinee, and through the press and radio and newsreels people everywhere may have brought to them the difference of life under communism and living in our beloved democracy."

The idea of thus presenting a "Day Under Communist Rule" was dreamed up by Legionnaire John A. Decker, Milwaukee attorney, who is a member of the Wisconsin Department Policy Committee. He sold his fellow-members and together they sold Mosinee on the idea of taking it on as an Americanism project. The city was just about right as to size, it had the right facilities, it had the right number of loyal, patriotic citizens, and it had an active Legion Post—Bohnsdahl-Gustin Post No. 103—which had recently completed a splendid, commodious home in the center of the city. Francis F. Schweinler took the General Chairmanship, and under his direction the whole affair was developed and staged.

There was a genuine note of complete authenticity in the "Day Under Communism" in the presence of Joseph Zack Kornfeder, of Detroit, a Russian-trained spy and organizer and graduate of the Lenin School in Moscow, and Ben Gitlow, New York, who was one of the organizers of the communist party in the United States in 1919, and who for some years served as the party general secretary. Kornfeder, who had renounced communism in 1934, spent ten days in Mosinee assisting in organizing for the event and on the day of "occupation"

(Continued on page 34)

## MOSINEE MAYOR DEAD AFTER MOCK RED COUP

The one-day occupation of Mosinee under "red" rule ended with a note of tragedy when Mayor Ralph Kronenwetter, 49, was stricken with a heart attack while enroute to the park for the concluding meeting of the day, a patriotic rally. He was removed to a hospital at Wausau, where his death occurred on the night of May 6th.

On the following morning the Rev. Will La Brew Bennett, 72, Methodist minister who had participated in the Mosinee demonstration, was found dead in his bed.

"It was a terrible coincidence," commented Franklin Baker, Commander of Bohnsdahl-Gustin Post of the Legion, which staged the mock invasion.

Pedro Juan Parra Post No. 56, Ponce, Puerto Rico, awarded a Medal for Heroism to Insular Police Lieutenant Gaspar Acosta who, at the risk of his life, arrested a man who had run amok with a knife, killing two people and wounding four others. The ceremony, reports Commander Jorge A. Goyco, was witnessed by civil and military officials and civic leaders. It was broadcast from Radio Station WPAB . . . After 31 years of looking for a suitable home, Trenton (New Jersey) Post No. 93 has purchased the former Salvation Army citadel in the heart of its home city. A drive was immediately launched in a \$50,000 campaign for funds to remodel and improve the property . . . Trenton Post has a Camera Club, which has celebrated its first anniversary. Eighteen shutterbugs are members; all Legion events are camera-covered. Dark room and other club facilities are planned for the new home.

★ ★ ★ ★

*Saturday Evening Post* for February 25 carried a story, "The Terrible End of the USS *Juneau*." "This was of particular interest to us here," writes Service Officer Blake McCullough, "Allen Heyn, pictured with his wife and two children, is a life member of Delaware Valley Post No. 1020, Narrowsburg, New York." . . . Edw. A. Bennett is Commander of Earl Cowan Post No. 389, West Frankfort, Illinois, and his wife, Reba Bennett, is President of the Auxiliary Unit . . . In a neighboring town, Randell Martin is Commander of Thompsonville Post No. 1194, and his wife is Post Adjutant . . . The home of Collinsville (Alabama) Post No. 146 was destroyed by fire. Purchased in 1947, the Post had just completed payment on the property and improvements. A new building will be erected on the same site.

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The Brower Manufacturing Co., of Quincy, Illinois, was the Illinois recipient this year of the American Legion's citation for outstanding effort in employing physically handicapped persons . . . Shelton-Tucker Post No. 27, Fayetteville, Arkansas, thinks it has the oldest Legionnaire among its membership. He is William Frank Keller of Mountainburg, who observed his 90th birthday on December 31st. Spanish-American War veteran, he entertained British soldiers in South Africa during the Boer War and returned to the U.S. to serve in the Navy in WW1 . . . John E. Newcombe, Spanish-American and WW1 vet, celebrated his 89th birthday at his home at Augusta, Illinois, on March 29th. Long time Legionnaire and Forty and Eighter, he is known nationally as the Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms on the platform with the national colors at all National Conventions for the past dozen years.

★ ★ ★ ★

Neil Griffin Post No. 47, Newport, Arkansas, got its membership quota filled in quick time after it adopted the

"goat plan." Commander Ottie Dillinger commandeered a goat to be given to members to keep until he had enrolled three members, then pass it on to the next. Plan announced Wednesday night, newspapers carried the story Thursday, and by Friday Commander Dillinger had his quota of 301 filled . . . Radio Commentator Lowell Thomas broadcast the ceremonies of unveiling a portrait of General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., from the headquarters of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Post No. 1755, New York City . . . Alvin Seigfried, Past Commander of Internal Revenue Post No. 39, District of Columbia, retired after 33 years of Federal service. On retirement he was presented the Treasury Department's Albert Gallatin Award for meritorious service.

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Washington Square Post No. 1212 maintains one of the largest blood banks in New York County as a public service. Last year 37 needy cases were given blood from this bank. Once each year, or as often as necessary, members turn out to donate blood to replenish the bank . . . Edward H. Lorensen Post No. 121, Watsonville, California, formed a "walking blood bank" some months ago—and saved a life on the first emergency call. The

## CHAMP MEMBER-GETTER



Member-gettingest member of M. M. Eberts Post No. 1, Little Rock, Arkansas, is A. M. (Paddy) Driscoll, blind veteran of WW1. Paddy has signed up more than 100 members each year for the past five years, but he went all out for the 1950 enrollment—he has signed up 250 and is still going strong. His technique is simple and direct—he talks to prospects wherever he finds them, using the telephone at odd times. His seeing-eye dog, "Tinka," is a big help.

In addition to his other duties, Legionnaire Driscoll attends military funerals, serves on the Post's Employment Committee, and walks in all the parades. He has not missed a meeting of his home Post in the past five years except when attending National Conventions.

hospital reported: "The patient is alive today because of that first pint of blood." . . . Legionnaire Lee Crawford, Franklin Depot, New York, bought a second-hand Bulova watch. On opening the back he found this inscription: "Seabees 95 Batt. Apamama, Gilbert Island. Smash the Japs. 2/24/44. J. H." Now he'd like to identify Seabee J. H. ★ ★ ★

Past Commanders of Vern R. Glick Post, Chillicothe, Missouri, are durable fellows. When the Post got around to honoring its old-timers it was found that all 32 of the Past Commanders are living; 27 of them in the home town or elsewhere in Missouri . . . Toledo (Ohio) Post No. 335 is sponsoring a Reserve Army unit, 463rd Engineer Battalion (Combat), in an effort to speed enlistments in the organization. The Battalion is commanded by Lieut. Col. H. Kenny Burch, (Legionnaire). Post Commander Reginald S. Jackson is a Reserve Lieutenant Colonel and President of Toledo Chapter, Reserve Officers Association . . . Andrew Plewacki Post No. 799, Buffalo, New York had a membership enrollment on the Legion's birthday of 3,600—an increase of 1,390 over 1949. A mass initiation of a class of 700 new members featured the birthday observance.

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Silver Bow Post No. 1, of Butte, Montana, fired a score of 1442 out of a possible 1500 to win top honors in the 1950 Paul V. McNutt National American Legion (Gallery) Rifle Match competition. Individual honors were captured by Vern Maddock, of Silver Bow Post, who fired the high score of 294 out of a possible 300. Twelve teams were entered in the McNutt Competition, the team from Rose City Post No. 35, Portland, Oregon, was runner-up with a score of 1409 . . . National Junior College Basketball tournament was held at Hutchinson, Kansas, under the sponsorship of Lysle Rishel Post No. 68. Junior College teams from 16 regional tournaments participated in the tourney from March 21 to 25.

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Medford (Massachusetts) Post No. 45 has established two \$300 scholarships to be awarded to a son and daughter of a member of the Post, living or dead. The award is made in honor of a Past Commander, the Edward L. Morse Memorial Scholarship . . . St. Louis, Missouri, plans to entertain some 10,000 to 15,000 35th vets on June 9-11—the Legion units co-operating—when the outfit's most distinguished member, President Harry S. Truman, will climax the meet by formal dedication of the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial site on the river front. . . . Northern California's first annual water sport show, the Nautical Fair at San Rafael on June 2-4, will be presented by American Legion Post No. 37 . . . Mayor August F. Greiner proclaimed a holiday at Woodbridge, New Jersey, when Woodbridge Post No. 87 dedicated and moved into its new home. Legionnaires have worked steadily for nearly two years to convert an old athletic field house into a splendid clubhouse.

## KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT

(Continued from page 31)

including Mr. Hoover himself, expressed dissent or abstained from consideration." He quoted Vice Chairman Dean Acheson and Commissioners George D. Aiken and James Rowe, Jr. dissenters:

"In our opinion, the proposal to create an independent agency for these hospital activities violates two of those basic principles which were approved by the full Commission in that report (General Management of the Executive Branch, Page 34), namely that (1) government agencies should be grouped into departments according to major purposes, and (2) that government agencies should be consolidated into about one-third of the present number."

"Dismemberment of the VA through enactment of H. R. 5182," the Commander emphasized, "would make five agencies out of the one existing agency!"

Craig further quoted Vice Chairman Acheson and Commissioners Aiken and Rowe as stating: "In the face of this situation, the creation of another independent agency can only be justified by most extraordinary circumstances. We find no such compelling reasons here. Nor have the majority stated reasons." Commander Craig continued:

"In place of the one unified agency, the VA, you would be asked to experiment with a new United Medical Administration, with a new Veterans Insurance Corporation, with the veteran's home loan guaranty program in still another agency, with the VA hospital construction program in another agency, and with the remaining shell of the VA that would be left as a certifying authority. Thus you would not have one, but five agencies."

In cross-questioning of witnesses by certain Representatives, Commander Craig, who modestly refers to himself as a "country lawyer," demonstrated that his keen analytical intellect makes him even more impressive before a committee, where one must give and take, than he is on the public platform where he excels in oratory. So successfully did he answer all questions by members of the committee that one veteran House official said: "His was the best appearance I have ever seen made by anyone before a committee of Congress."

A constructive suggestion was made by E. V. (Pat) Cliff of Ortonville, Minnesota, Past National Rehabilitation Chairman, who stated that the Legion favored the re-creation of a Federal Board of Hospitalization.

Such a board would correct many conditions the Hoover Commission criticized in government hospitalization, it was maintained. The Board was successful in coordinating the hospital program which made for economy and avoided much duplication and waste during its operation from November 1, 1921, to June 30, 1948, when it was deactivated.

The American Legion record is straight and, as Past National Commander Edward A. Hayes has so ably said, so long as we exist we will fight the battles for those who cannot protect themselves . . . the disabled veteran!

## Four All-Expense Trips To Hawaii Top Prizes In Legion Whirlwind Mop-Up Member Drive

Four all-expense tours to Hawaii and hundreds of specially-engraved Zippo cigaret lighters will be prizes in National Commander George N. Craig's special 1950 clean-up membership drive of The American Legion continuing until July 15.

Commander Craig announced the attractive awards in calling on the 58 departments and 17,456 posts to put on an energetic 90-day mop-up campaign to push the 1950 enrollment to an all-time high.

"Every member get a member!" Commander Craig urged. "Uncounted thousands of veterans are not in The American Legion today only because no one has ever asked them to join. Many delinquent members have not been asked for their 1950 dues. Let's clean this up!"

The 12-day all-expense Hawaiian tours will go to four individual member-getters who secure 25 or more 1950 members by July 15 and write the best letters on how they did it.

Approximately 700 Post Commanders will be able to qualify for cigaret lighters, each engraved with the winner's name and carrying the notation, "With Thanks, George N. Craig."

Commander Craig talked to all the continental Department Commanders by telephone in urging a vigorous house-to-house and door-to-door buttonholing of membership eligibles by all Posts. A direct appeal to all Post Commanders went out by mail, April 27.

Four Hawaiian tours will be awarded.

They will be 12-day, all-expense trips from Los Angeles to Honolulu. Legionnaires, to enter this contest, must qualify by enrolling 25 or more 1950 members by July 15. They must send letters explaining how they did it. The winners will be selected on the basis of the best-prepared and most enlightening statements. Contest judges will be Commander Craig, National Judge Advocate Ralph B. Gregg, and J. Victor Giasson, Chairman of the National Membership and Post Activities Committee. In addition, each contestant's Post must further qualify him by holding a special membership clean-up drive between April 15 and July 15. All entries must be certified Post Commanders and Adjutants and countersigned by the Department Commander or Adjutant, and must reach National Headquarters not later than July 30.

Post Commanders competing for the engraved Zippo lighters must be similarly certified by July 30. Post Commanders can qualify as follows:

Their Posts must have held a special membership drive between April 15 and July 15; must have sent to Department Headquarters the greatest percentage of their previous four-year average membership in 1950 enrollments. This percentage will be evaluated on the basis of the Post enrollment on July 15, 1950, as compared with the final memberships of December 31, 1946-47-48 and 1949. The number of lighters for each Department will be on the basis of four for each 100 Posts or major fraction thereof.

## THE MOSINEE STORY

(Continued from page 32)

served as the Chief Commisar. As second in command, Mr. Gitlow gave all his pronouncements a touch of realism—he knew the party line and the patter that goes with it. He left the party in 1929 and has since written several books exposing the communist plot.

There was another occupation in Mosinee that day—a young army of newswriters and magazine feature men, cameramen, both still and movie, and radio and television crews. Staff correspondents for some 40 metropolitan newspapers, and every wire news service was represented—in fact but few cities the size of Mosinee have ever seen such a concentration of news and feature men. By noon nearly all America knew what was happening in Mosinee—newspapers as widely spaced as New England and Southern California were frontpageing the story with picture spreads, and radio commentators were telling the story in many thousands of words.

The commies—that is the real reds—didn't like the demonstration a little bit. The *Daily Worker* editorialized—the Legion was dubbed a "fascist" organization and Chairman Schweinler

was called a "stool-pigeon." But in an effort to divide the people and cause dissent, the real reds moved into Mosinee two nights before the big event. Working silently and efficiently in the early hours just before dawn the entire town was blanketed with propaganda leaflets denouncing the demonstration and its projectors.

Some of the leaflets were headed: "So This is Supposed to Be Communism. Says who? The boss of the mill, American Legion big shots . . . and stool pigeons. All paid plenty by the mill owners for lying and double-crossing labor unions. . . . A stunt to bamboozle workers into acceptance of wage cuts and speed ups under a phony guise of patriotism and loyalty."

Mosinee said "Humbug" to all that.

### "Hellcats" Decorated by France

The French Commemorative Medal (WW2) has been awarded to veterans of the American 12th Armored Division who took part in the Vosges Mountains and Colmar engagements under General de Lattre de Tassigny. John J. Collins, 21 Brushton Ave., Wilkesburg 21, Pennsylvania, Executive Secretary of the Division Association, is preparing a roster of eligibles for submission to the French Government.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

**1st Cavalry Division**—Annual reunion at Hotel Biltmore, New York City, September 1-3. For information and reservations write Col. Mark M. Wohlfeld, 142-34 59th Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

**3rd Infantry Division**, (both WWs)—31st annual reunion at Hotel New Yorker, New York City, July 13-15. Info and reservations from Sol M. Lehmann, 1561 East 13th St., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

**3rd Armored (Spearhead) Division**—3rd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 6-8. Information from Paul W. Corrigan, Secretary-Treasurer, 80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

**4th (Ivy) Infantry Division**—Reunion, both WWs, Chicago, Ill., August 27-31; headquarters Hotel Sherman, Contact William Evans, Reunion Chairman, 4437 Altgeld St., Chicago, Ill.

**5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division**—29th annual reunion, both WWs, New York City, September 2-4; headquarters Hotel New Yorker. Info from Elmer Taylor, National Secretary, 2125 18th St., S.W., Akron, Ohio, or Lawrence J. Spiker, 4425 Sputen Duvvil Parkway, New York, N. Y.

**5th Armored Division Assn.**—4th national convention at St. Louis, Mo., July 13-15; Hotel Jefferson, Reservation and info from James V. Swift, Treasurer, 7363 Liberty Ave., St. Louis 14, Mo.

**27th Infantry Division**—Annual reunion, Albany, N. Y., October 6-7. Info from Joseph P. Dooley, Secretary, 27th Div. Assn., 540 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.

**35th (Santa Fe) Infantry Division**—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 9-11; headquarters Jefferson Hotel, Write Peter S. Miravalle, General Reunion Chairman, 1221 Locust St., St. Louis, for details.

**37th (Buckeye) Infantry Division**—Annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, September 2-4; headquarters Hollenden Hotel. Information from Headquarters, 37th Div. Assn., 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus 15, Ohio.

**41st (Sunset) Infantry Division**—Annual reunion, Portland, Oregon, July 21-23. Address inquiries to Secretary, 41st Infantry Div. Assn., Portland Air Base, Portland 13, Oregon.

**81st (Wildcat) Infantry Division**—Annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, October 27-29. Write Wildcat Veterans Assn., Hotel Hillsboro, Raleigh, N. C., for information.

**102nd (Ozark) Infantry Division**—2nd annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 22-24; headquarters Hotel Jefferson. Info and reservations from Dr. Ralph T. Aberle, Reunion Chairman, Medical Depot, St. Louis 2, Mo.

**308th Field Signal Bn.**—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, June 17; headquarters Hotel Biltmore. Write Tom Walsh, 611 Wever Ave., Akron, Ohio, for reservations and copy of *The Bleat*.

**315th Infantry (WW2)**—3rd reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, September 1-3; headquarters Hotel Gibson. Info from Melvin N. Peerless, Chairman, 852 Windham Ave., Cincinnati 29, or from T. G. Shuffelbarger, Secretary, Richlands, Va.

**2nd M.O.R.S.**—Annual reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 6-8, to be held with the reunion of 2nd Infantry Division Association. Write Harry S. Young, c/o Allied Motors, P. O. Box 306, Kansas City 10, Mo., for details.

**817th Tank Destroyer Bn.**—5th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., June 3; headquarters Hotel Buffalo. Contact Fred Warner, 280 Hastings Ave., Buffalo 15, N. Y.

**Co. E, 309th Infantry (WW2)**—2nd reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 15-17; headquarters Hotel York. Write Bill Epstein, 4759 Rosa Ave., St. Louis, or M/Sgt. N. H. Long, 412 S. Jefferson St., Roanoke, Va.

**Co. B, 115th Infantry**—Annual reunion, Capt. McCleary's Clubhouse on Potomac, (Hagerstown, Md.), June 4. Contact R. W. Boward, Adjutant, Hagerstown, Md. Directions given at Legion Home, 25 West Antietam St., Hagerstown.

**Blytheville Army Air Field**—5th annual reunion of officers of this Arkansas field, Hot Springs, Ark., June 17-20. Info from Carl E. Bailey, Jr., P. O. Box 190, No. Little Rock, Ark.

**310th Ambulance Co.**, (WW1)—24th reunion, Trenton, N. J., June 10; headquarters Hotel Hildebrecht. Contact Frank V. Rusling, 27 Wilson Terrace, Livingston, N. J.

**744th Railway Operating Bn.**—4th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., June 1-2. Inquiries to John W. Welch, 2760 N. 81st St., Milwaukee 10, Wis.

**297th General Hospital**—Reunion at Chicago, Ill., June 10-11. Details from Sigfried L. Moynihan, 125 S. Kenilworth Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

**28th Construction Bn.**—2nd reunion, New York, June 10; headquarters Hotel New Yorker. Details from Louis Koch, 719 Grand Ave., North Bergen, N. J.

**332nd Ambulance Co.**, (WW1)—Annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, June 24-25; headquarters Mayflower Hotel. Write Jack Brannan, 716 Walnut, N.E., Canton 4, Ohio.

**34th AAA Brigade**—Annual reunion, Binghamton, N. Y., June 9-11. Info from Kenneth G. Brownlow, 358 Robinson St., Binghamton, N. Y.

**302nd N.C.B.**—reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 30-July 2; headquarters Palmer House, Information

from J. Lester Neeson, 8840 S. Ada St., Chicago, or Harry W. Price, Jr., 135 W. 3rd St., Lewiston, Pa.

**754th Tank Bn.**—Annual reunion, Louisville, Ky., June 23-24. Information from Lt. Col. B. M. Brothers, S.O.C. The Armored School, Fort Knox, Ky.

**632nd Tank Destroyer Bn.**—Reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., June 9-10. Contact William L. Korrich, 204 Cutler St., Pittsburgh 14, Pa.

**13th Engineers (Ry.)**—Annual reunion, Aurora, Ill., June 16-18; Hotel Leland. Write J. F. Buckley, 445 Oak Ave., Aurora, Ill.

**151st Infantry**—4th annual reunion, Morgan-Monroe State Forest Reserve, between Martinsville and Bloomington, Ind., June 25. Details from Homer I. Short, President, 3550 E. New York St., Indianapolis 1, Ind.

**97th Co., 6th Marines (WW1)**—32nd reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 10 at Hotel Morrison. Write Wm. M. Rasmussen, 2611 Wilson Ave., Chicago 25, Ill.

**United Mexican Border Veterans**—National convention, Lansing, Mich., June 9-11; headquarters Olds Hotel. Info from Thos. A. Dowling, 114 N. Elm St., Owosso, Mich.

**904th FA Bn.**, 79th Div.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., July 7-9, at Hotel Warwick. Information from Albert Walknis, 56 Hazlewood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

**15th Engineers (WW1)**—Reunion and picnic, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 8, given by mothers and wives. For info write Nola M. Duncan, Secy., 1238 S. Braddock Ave., Pittsburgh 18, Pa.

**256th Engineer C. Bn.**—Reunion, Waterloo, Iowa, July 29-30. Contact R. P. Callahan, 431 Bayard, Waterloo, Iowa.

**1st Ord. Training Regt. Assn.**—4th annual reunion, all cadre and officers Aberdeen Proving Ground, at old Farmhouse Hdq., July 15. Contact Addis L. Bowles, 527 Harrison Ave., W. Collingwood, Audubon 6, N. J.

**297th Engineer Combat Bn.**—4th annual reunion, Nashville, Tenn., August 12-13; Noel Hotel. Details from Roy F. Moody, Chairman, 907 Knox Ave., Nashville 4, Tenn.

**71st Naval (Seabee) Construction Bn.**—1st reunion, Atlanta, Ga., November 24-25. Info and reservations from George O. Vick, 2380 Boulevard Dr., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

**Co. H, 349th Infantry**—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, August. Details from Wm. I. McConnell, P. O. Box 142, Seymour, Iowa.

**10th Infantry Association**—Annual convention, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 21-22; Netherlands Plaza Hotel. Info from G. W. Threlkeld, 536 Columbia Ave., Lexington, Ky.

**712th Railway Operating Bn.**—Reunion, Chattanooga, Tenn., July 25-27. Contact E. L. Wright, 4313 Duval St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

**388th Bomb Group**—1st reunion at French Lick, Ind., July 6-8; French Lick Springs Hotel. Reservations from Robert L. Pfeiffer, French Lick Springs Hotel, French Lick, Ind.

**371st Aero Squadron, AEF**, (WW1)—annual reunion at San Francisco, Cal., July 8-9. Info from T. W. Bryan, 144 Reamer St., Auburn, Cal.

**Battery A, 882nd FA Bn.**—1st reunion at Chicago, Ill., July 15; Morrison Hotel. Info and reservations from Wayne L. Brannon, 911 N. 5th St., Vandalia, Ill.

**376th Heavy Bombardment Group Vet. Assn.**—4th annual reunion at Detroit, Mich., July 27-30; Fort Shelby Hotel. Write Wiley Golden, 371 Probosco Ave., Cincinnati 20, Ohio.

**U.S.S. Washington, "R" Div. Construction**—R Division reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., July 1-4. All shipmates contact John A. Brown, 2708 Montg. Ave., Ashland, Ky.

**567th AAA (AW) Bn.**—Reunion at Roanoke, Va., July 28-29; Hotel Roanoke. Write Ralph E. Wade, 2223 Carolina Ave., SW, Roanoke, Va., for information.

**3rd MP Bn., 3rd Div.**, (WW1)—Reunion, New York, July 13-16 with 3rd Division reunion; Hotel New Yorker. Write M. Levine, 95-10 239th St., Bellerose 6, L. I., N. Y.

**314th Infantry Assn.**, (WW2)—Reunion at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 28-30. Details from W. E. Longbottom, 4325 31st St., Cincinnati 9, Ohio.

**Co. E, 106th Infantry**—6th annual banquet, Armory, 85 West End Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., July 15. Write Larry Goodwin, 2514 Sherman Drive, Endicott, N. Y.

**102nd Observation Sqdrn.**, 27th Div. Aviation, NYNG—Reunion at Veterans Hall, 4533 Amboy Rd., Eltingville, Staten Island, N. Y., July 15. Write Hugh A. Kelly, 92 Twombly Ave., Staten Island, N. Y.

**Co. B, 784th MP Bn.**—Annual banquet and reunion, Greenville, S. C., July 15. Contact C. D. Burgess, Secy., Box 743, Anderson, S. C.

**53rd FA Bn., 6th Div.**—Reunion at Springfield, Mo., July 2-4. Write Clifford C. Baker, Rt. 3, Box 802, Joplin, Mo.

**Co. E, 145th Infantry (WW2)**—Annual reunion at Ashland, Ohio, July 15-16. Write Joseph O. Morehead, 422 S. Lisbon St., Carrollton, Ohio, or Ernest B. Barrick, 315 Home Bldg., Ashland, Ohio.

**5th Special NCB (Seabees)**—1st reunion at Milwaukee, Wis., July 2-4; Hotel Pfister. Details from L. M. Kerrison, Box 607, Haynesville, La.

**57th and 180th CA Bns.**—Reunion at Tomsics Farm, Route 619, Barborton, Ohio, July 9. For details write Steve G. Ellis, 86 23rd St., N.W., Barborton, Ohio.

## COMRADES IN DISTRESS

**Stalag IX-A**—"Pop" Beards and other POWs who were with Sgt. Harold Forney at this prison camp please contact Keith Bryan, Veterans Service Officer, Columbus, Neb.

**Co. B, 45th Armored Bn. (WW2)**—Need to locate Floyd L. Hagen, ex-Davenport, Iowa, and Robert J. Chase, ex-Clinton, Iowa. Statements needed; write Donald Sick, Muscatine, Iowa, or P. M. Phillips, Legion Service Officer, City Hall, Muscatine, Iowa.

**Co. C, 27th Inf.**—WW1 Siberian vet needs help; will anyone who remembers my injury aboard the "Great Northern" in storm enroute to Vladivostok please write. Elbert K. Walters, 562 Arnold St., Greenville, Miss.

**Co. E, 312th Inf., 78th Div. (WW1)**—Urgently need statements from men who remember me in service, and my disability from rheumatism; treated by Dr. Bird in barracks. Write William J. Yette, 11 Sisson St., Potsdam, N. Y.

**Co. A, 103rd M.P. Training Hdqrs. and M.P. 28th Div., AEF. (WW1)**—Need to contact Sgts. Clayton, Fritz, Dixon or Mike Hanlon who will remember my being gassed at Fismes, at the Vesle bridge, while driving disabled ambulance. George P. Crowley, 88-18 Corona Ave., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

**Co. D, 302nd Inf., 94th Div.**—Statements badly needed from service comrades, particularly William Plato, Victore Fischer, Tony Battista, Tony Calondona, Marvin Bailey and Edsel Parrish. Claim pending; treated in dispensary in Germany and hospital in Czechoslovakia. Julius (Jules) Cortez, 1669 Front St., Morgan City, La.

**5th Cavalry, Marfa, Texas**—Will anyone who knows present address of these men who served this unit in April, 1921, please write: Capt. Sullivan, Harper, Harrison, Provost Sgt. Hines, Pvs. Reed, Martin, Propst, Bean; Sgts. Jones, Taylor, Karanski, Seitz, or any of the men who defended the flag at the Presidio in 1920 at request of Lt. Brown, Texas Rangers. Address Abel L. Hatt, Merritt, Mich.

**Co. I, 175th Inf., 29th Div.**—Widow of Gerhard Smukal urgently needs to hear from service comrades, especially those who know of him being wounded and receiving the Purple Heart. Write Mrs. Wilma Smukal, c/o Goldberg, 20 E. 100th St., New York 29, N. Y.

**Ft. Slocum, N. Y., Hospital Corps. (WW1)**—Urgently need to contact members, especially dental corpsman who marched off Ft. Slocum boat and shouted "Sporn, you've got a fracture." Write F. J. Sporn, 21 Allen St., Passaic, N. J.

**22nd Infantry, 4th Div.**—Anyone who knew Russell G. Pond in service between September, 1944, and April, 1945, is requested to write, especially C.O., or 1st Sgt. Vet suffered serious head wounds; need statements to complete claim. William F. Sheehan, Jr., Director, Veterans Service Agency, 71 Seneca St., Geneva, N. Y.

**Co. 144, Naval Training Station, Great Lakes**—Need statements from shipmates about injuries I received in boat training. Please write. Warren LeRoy Miller, 702 1/2 North Broadway, Pittsburgh, Kansas.

**413th Fighter Group, 1st Fighter Sqdrn.**—Anyone who has knowledge of Clyde Southwick being thrown from truck on Ie Shima, June 23, 1945, please write; especially Andrew L. Jorgenson, Edward Mikulemka, Harry Cotterall, S/Sgt. Fredrison and Capt. Wagner. Address Clyde Southwick, Hershey, Neb.

**Base Hospital 101, St. Nazaire, France**—Need statements from Dr. James Duff, Dr. David Kaufman and others who served at this station, 1917-1919. Write Harry L. Dillard, 679 60th St., Brooklyn 20, N. Y.

**Co. F, 8th Regt., SATC, Pittsburgh, Pa. (WW1)**—Need to contact 1st Sgt. Richard Rowe, Oct-Dec., 1918, or any others who recall playing football on Forbes Field while in training. Charles F. Spigelmeyer, 31 Logan St., Lewiston, Pa.

**639th Port Co.**—Will Capt. Charles E. Davis, or any member of 2nd platoon, 639th Port Co., please write. Need verification of statements. Taylor M. Miller, (Cpl.), Big Springs, Texas.

**Co. I, South Dakota Cav., 34th Div., and Co. B, 109th Engineers**—Urgently need to hear from anyone who remembers eye injury (bayonet) suffered by Louie Elmer Biltoft at Camp Cody, Deming, N. Mex., particularly Lt. Lehman. Service records lost. Write Louie Elmer Biltoft, Route 2, Alliance, Neb.

**VR 1 and VR 6, NATS**—Need statements from Lt. John Haycock and Commander John Schwartz, VR 1, Patuxant River, Md., and Lt. John Fiske and Commander John Canady, VR 6, Dinner Key Base. Please write. W. B. Haight, Jr., 22 Spring St., Ellenville, N. Y.

**U.S. Army Ambulance. (WW1)**—Need statement of William (Bill) Hope, believed to live in Connecticut, who was captured with me in 1918 and confined in same prison camp in Germany. Claim pending. Willis E. Snowman, 169 Madrona St., Chula Vista, Cal.

**375th Engineers, Co. E**—Urgently need statement of George Jones, medico, who gave me field treatment for injury on front; is believed to live in Brooklyn, N. Y.; please write. James A. Piper, 424 N. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

(Continued on page 36)

## COMRADES IN DISTRESS

(Continued from page 35)

**Troop I, 6th Cavalry**—Will men who served with me at Texas City in 1913 please write; need statements to establish claim. C. R. Burger, 123 Fuller Road, Hinsdale, Ill.

**96th Balloon Co. (WW1)**—Will officers and men of this outfit please write, especially Lt. Whitney and L. King, of Colorado. Statements to establish claim needed. G. C. Kauffman, RD 2, Melrose, N. Mex.

**Base Hospital, Camp Grant**—Will anyone who knows present address of Lawrence Caldwell (home State is Indiana) please write. In hospital with me May, 1920; his statement necessary. C. C. Ballance, R 1, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

**Army Hospital Ship Acadia**—Need to locate nurses aboard in June, 1943, bound from Oran, N. Africa, to the U.S.; was operated on; statements necessary to prove claim. George F. Allison, Jr., c/o Lea County Sheriff's Office, P. O. Box 96, Lovington, N. Mex.

**LCI 189, Landing Forces, Atlantic Fleet**—Shipmates who know facts of my injuries in invasion operations, Italy, September, October, 1943—conclusion resulting in loss of memory, please write. Base Hospital, Oran, October, 1943, names found in my Red Cross note book; Robert Thompson, Kervyn O. Bennett, Paul Banks Snigoe, George Curtis, H. R. Cook. Overseas records lost; need assistance. Wesley F. Reed, Box 533, Douglas, Wyo.

**634th AAA (AW) Bn., Battery D**—Anyone having knowledge of the capture of T/4 Thurman P. Bigler, Btry D, during the Bulge between St. Vith and Stromberg, on December 20, 1944, and released on April 13, 1945, please contact Post Claims Office, Fort Knox, Ky.

**891st Air Engineer Sqr., 473 Air Service Group**—Urgently need to contact service comrades, especially men who were with me at Templehoff Air Base, Berlin, April to October, 1946—Cpl. William Riggs, Cpl. Michael Shermette, Pfc. Bill Moore. Write Robert W. Maynard, 901 Foundry St., Grants Pass, Oregon.

**Co. F, 167th Infantry, (WW1)**—Need statements of service comrades, especially John C. Drake, Thomas J. Donaldson, Beland Dill, Joe F. Adams, Loyd Allen, Beacher Bohanan. Claim pending. Joseph H. Collins, Morton, Texas.

**312 Ordnance Bn.**—Need to contact doctor with initials "J. B. J." who was with the outfit at Camp Campbell, Ky., in 1943; will anyone who can give his name or present address please write. Thurlow A. Jackson, 514 N. Pearl St., McLeansboro, Ill.

**Co. A, 104th Ammunition Train, 29th Div.**—Need statements from service comrades, especially the C.O. and New Jersey men. Claim pending. Salvatore DiGrande, 222 Madison St., Boonton, N. J.

**101st Airborne Division**—John Melzer, Ward D 2, Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colo., needs the statements of two men whose names he does not know—one was a medic called Buck, the other a Medical Captain—both 101st Airborne, both believed to be from Colorado, and both liberated on April 18, 1945. Their statements vital to his pending claim; any help to locate men will be appreciated. Write the veteran, or Richard A. Winter, Vets Service Officer, Court House, Wilber, Neb.

**U.S.S. Otranto**—Survivors of the Otranto, October, 1918, who were landed at Belfast, Ireland, please write. Need statements to prove service-connection. Roy J. Scott, 22 Reese St., Rome, Ga.

**47th Evacuation Hospital, Camp Greenleaf, Ga.**—Urgently need to locate Lt. M. Rounding, Medical Officer, formerly of 12804 Philip St., East Cleveland, Ohio. Write Michael Albanito, 100 Carter Ave., Punxsutawney, Pa.

**319th Engineers (C) Bn., 94th Div.**—Will men who served with me at Camp McCain or in Europe; especially men of B and C Cos. and Bn. Motor Pool. Need statements. Myron W. Tupper, Jr., Box 637, Aiken, S. C.

**Battery F, 7th FA, 1st Div. (WW1)**—Need statements from men who witnessed shell explosion at Soissons, beside a caisson, wounding two men and mangling horses. Please write Valentine Tallman, 22 Rockville Ave., Rockville, Centre, L. I., N. Y.

**LST 133**—Will Alva Williams, Pharmacist 1/c, please write; statement needed to verify injury Normandy invasion. N. Stanovich, 5000 West End Ave., Chicago 44, Ill.

**SS Northumberland, (WW1)**—Need to contact medical officer and others, this ship, on voyage from New York, October 15, 1918, to Liverpool. Claim pending. William W. Sneed, Box 47, Vernon, Texas.

**Co. D, 322nd Infantry, (WW1)**—Will anyone who knows the names and addresses of the two medics on duty at first aid station, Belrupt, France, on night of November 17, 1918, (last night we spent in this town), please write. Statements urgently needed; medics dressed eye injury that night. Buster Coate, Coffeeville, Ala.

**Co. G, 102nd Infantry, (WW1)**—Will any member at St. Mihiel and after September 12, 1918, please contact James W. McCord, 2827 Burnet Ave., Cincinnati 19, Ohio.

**LSM 67**—Urgently need to locate Robert Van Gilder and Harold D. Salvator. Statement needed concerning injury received while tying up at pier

near Main St., Jacksonville, Fla. James C. Freitas, 200 Deer St., Dunkirk, N. Y.

**Fort Logan, Colo.**—Does anyone remember Worthy W. Gilbert and his injury while playing ball, this station, October, 1942. Name of medical officer would help. Write Worthy W. Gilbert, Deertrail, Colo.

**Station Hospital, Camp Myles Standish**—Need to hear from Gerald Kenney, Boardman Wright, Dr. Houston and Dr. Waterman. Statement needed about eye trouble, hospital dispensary and Ward 19. Alfred E. Smith, Box 7, Oxford, Maine.

**427th Engineer Co. (WW2)**—Will Cpl. Weaver, S/Sgt. Brandy, Pvt. Mericor, S/Sgt. Johnnie Johnson, Pvt. Robert Knalls, Sgt. Casperie, Lt. Smith, or others who know of injury received by Curtis Mercer at Pisa or Rome in fall from truck. Write Curtis Mercer, LaBelle, Fla., or Doug Pearce, Service Officer, Clewiston, Fla.

**Co. F, 361st Infantry, 91st Div. (WW1)**—Information needed, will anyone who knows of gassing or wounding of Pfc. George Elmer Brooks, (St. Mihiel, Argonne, Lys-Scheldt) please write his widow. Mrs. Blanche Brooks, 307 Barnett St., Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

**Navy Tech. Training Center, Norman, Okla.**—Will shipmates who served with me in Co. 2A-45, NATTS, summer of 1944, please write. Need statements. Jack S. Hight, White River, S. Dak.

**Co. A, 803rd Engineers**—Will comrades of Robert L. ("Bob") Fish, (Bataan, Corregidor, Bilibid, Cabanatuan, Osaka), please write his father. Insurance settlement; "records destroyed in bombing Hickman Field." Gordon T. Fish, 502 SW 5th Ave., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

**578th Sqr., Group 1208, AAF, Miami Beach, Fla.**—Urgently need to locate men who served with me in above unit in September and October, 1942; who knew of my bad feet condition and treatment. (Pvt.) Benjamin Cohen, 265 E. Burnside Ave., Bronx 57, New York City.

**28th Balloon Co., Lee Hall, Va.**—Urgently need to hear from anyone who can give me present address of 1st Lt. McMillen, 2nd Lts. Reuben J. Shay and Roswell W. Henninger, Pvts. Otto J. Krieger, Earl D. Reese, Donald Bradbury, and Sgt. Gaff. Write Curtis A. McLean, 12 Harrison St., Greenville, Pa.

**586th AAA Bn.**—Will men with me on maneuvers out of Camp Bowie, November, 1944, please write. Need help to establish claim. Virgil M. Gauthier, P. O. Box 634, Pascoag, R. I.

**Troop C, 1st Cavalry, Forrest Station, Ariz., 1916**—Anyone who remembers incident of horse falling and rolling over me, later dragging me by the stirrup, or who visited me at Camp Harry J. Jones Hospital, Douglas, please write. Lloyd Revie, 910 Stark St., Wausau, Wis.

**40th Field Hospital, US and ETO and 199th Medical Dispensary, Belgium and France**—Need statement to support claim for eye condition and deafness; will anyone who remembers me and my operations, please write. Louis M. Davids, Box 4455, Brookland Station, Washington, D. C.

**316th MORS, 91st Div., (WW1)**—Must have statements from service comrades to establish claim for injury in France, September, 1918, especially James O. Bennett, Harry E. Thompson, Michael Chiamis, Louis J. Baudin. Write Joseph A. Chaput, 54 Forest Ave., Middletown, R. I.

**2nd Engr. Bn., 2nd Marine Division**—Will anyone who can give me present address of Capt. Hulsey or Lt. Ipavec, please write. Statements about injury at Saipan, June, 1945, urgently needed. Harry (Pop) Ambrose, 35 High St., Kennebunk, Maine.

**466th Anti-Aircraft, French Haven, New Guinea**—Statements needed from 1st Sgt. James E. Ward, S/Sgt. Arthur Griffin, and Johnny McQueen. Please write, (T/4) Theopolis Armstrong, 328 West 8th St., Stockton, Cal.

**Army Air Corps, (WW2)**—Need to locate Clarence E. Strom, (Pvt.), formerly of 1239 Van Buren Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; urgent and important. Norman F. Gludt, Department Vice Commander, American Legion, 483 Marshall Ave., St. Paul 2, Minn.

**Co. 148, Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.**—Will Kenneth Kulik (may be spelled Culich or Kulich), who served with me in Boot Camp in 1943, or anyone who knows his address, please write. Statement vital to pending claim. Wilbert F. Schmidt, Tipton, Mo.

**Co. B, SCA, Quartermaster Bn., Camp Myles Standish**—Will anyone who knows of circumstance of Pfc. George W. Cropsey being caught between a truck and platform in 1943 please write his widow; especially "Shorty" Dawson, believed to live in Pennsylvania. Mrs. George W. Cropsey, 460 6th Ave., Troy, N. Y.

**WAVE Detachment, Dodge Hotel, Washington, D. C.**—Need to contact S1/c Betty Johnston, MAA Dorothy Cupp or Jerald Ancomas in order to establish claim. Write Mrs. Dorothy (Wolfe) Hokanson, Box 203, Mount Morris, Ill.

**6th Replacement Depot, APO 502, Cal.**—Need statements of T/5 Wilson, Medical section; 1st Sgt. Snedden, Hdqrs. Co., and Col. Thomas, chief, Medical section. Earl O. Langille, Winter, Wis.

**USS Leadstown, APA 56**—Urgently need to locate shipmates between July, 1943, and July, 1945; need statements to prove service connection. Please write. Harold G. ("Swede") Nelson, Hoffman Rte., Livingston, Montana.

**31st Co., 14th Regt., 2nd Marine Div., (WW1)**—Information wanted about Ernest Garland, last heard of in Chicago in 1930; settlement of estate. Write Frank H. Andrews, Chatham, Va.

## CHARTER MEMBERS HONORED BY WEST VIRGINIA POST

Jackson-Perks Post No. 71, Charles Town, West Virginia, held a celebration in honor of its charter members at its home on April 6, when six of the 15 "Founding Fathers" who organized the Post in January, 1920, were present. More than 150 Legionnaires gathered for the occasion when Past Department Commander Donald R. Wilson, of Clarksburg, was the principal speaker, and a chicken dinner a popular feature.

Of the charter members, Cecil D. Eby, first Post Adjutant, George Beltzhoover, Frank Brooke, Jack Getzendanner and Raleigh Shaffer, of Charles Town, and Fred Riddleberger, of Shelby, Virginia, were present to receive the honors and commemorative gifts.

At this meeting an additional \$2,500 was contributed to start the fund campaign to build Jefferson County Memorial Park. The Post had previously given \$600 to the project.

## WAF SGT., SLAIN ON DUTY BURIED BY YORK, PA., POST

WAF Staff Sergeant Fairy Viola Decker, who was murdered while on duty at Hamilton Field Air Base, California, on March 25, was buried with full military and Legion honors at the Salem Union cemetery, Jacobus, Pennsylvania, near York. The last honors were paid by York Post No. 127, of which Legion unit she had been a member since November 20, 1945.

### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

MARCH 31, 1950

#### ASSETS

|                                                 |                       |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Cash on hand and on deposit..                   | \$1,627,012.49        |
| Receivables .....                               | 257,824.55            |
| Inventories .....                               | 402,116.91            |
| Invested Funds .....                            | 962,248.79            |
| Permanent Trusts:                               |                       |
| Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund .....     | \$ 250,811.97         |
| Employees' Retirement Trust Fund ..             | 1,199,466.49          |
|                                                 | 1,450,278.46          |
| Real Estate, less depreciation..                | 277,796.22            |
| Furniture and Fixtures, less depreciation ..... | 262,881.26            |
| Deferred Charges .....                          | 69,740.76             |
|                                                 | <u>\$5,309,899.44</u> |

#### LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

|                                                     |                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Current Liabilities .....                           | \$ 163,224.60         |
| Funds restricted as to use....                      | 564,552.91            |
| Deferred Income .....                               | 1,458,229.34          |
| Permanent Trusts:                                   |                       |
| Overseas Graves Decoration Trust .....              | \$ 250,811.97         |
| Employees' Retirement Trust .....                   | 1,199,466.49          |
|                                                     | 1,450,278.46          |
| Net Worth:                                          |                       |
| Restricted Capital:                                 |                       |
| Reserve Fund..                                      | 739,646.20            |
| Restricted Fund .....                               | 13,465.53             |
| Reserve for construction of Washington Office ..... | 320,367.71            |
| Real Estate ..                                      | 80,000.00             |
|                                                     | 1,153,479.44          |
| Surplus .....                                       | \$ 97,180.98          |
| *Excess of Income over Expense 3 Months .....       | 422,953.71            |
|                                                     | 520,134.69            |
|                                                     | <u>1,673,614.13</u>   |
|                                                     | <u>\$5,309,899.44</u> |

# Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

June, 1950

## NSLI DIVIDEND PAYMENT:

Moving well ahead of schedule, VA has mailed dividend checks to more than 13,000,000 present and former policyholders of National Service Life Insurance, totaling something like \$2,300,000,000 of the \$2,800,000,000 surplus set aside for distribution. ...These 13,000,000 checks represent the bulk of the slightly more than 14,500,000 applications received. ...Some 16 million former and present policyholders are entitled to the dividend; thus 1,500,000 vets have not made application... But of this missing number about a half million represent deceased policyholders, with payments going to beneficiaries, estates, or next of kin... Eligible vets are again warned: No application, no dividend check.

VA says that applications are rolling in at the rate of about 25,000 each week... At this rate a good part of the missing battalion will be accounted for by June 30, when the dividend payment job is scheduled to be virtually completed... Applications filed after June 30 will be processed as they arrive. ...But with the big bulk of operation dividend scheduled for completion by June 30, VA announces that it will be able to check all queries concerning non-receipt of checks after that date... In order to give time to complete the first big task, VA still requests policyholders not to write about non-receipt of checks until after June 30... Those who already have received checks and wish to make further inquiry about them should write to the District Office handling their account... The District Office is identified in the material that accompanies each check.

## STATE BONUS DEADLINES COMING UP:

There's only one month to go in three major bonus-paying States... Tardy eligible veterans in or from the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and South Dakota are again warned of deadlines for applications: Ohio and South Dakota on June 30, and Pennsylvania on July 1, 1950... Out-of-State veterans get applications from Ohio WW2 Compensation Fund, 293 E. Long Street, Columbus 15, Ohio... The Adjutant General, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania... South Dakota Veterans Bonus Board, Capitol Building, Pierre, South Dakota... Eligibles who miss now may not get another chance.

## PRESIDENT SIGNS NEW HOUSING BILL:

Legion's long fight to crack the log-jam in veterans' housing paid off on April 20 when President Truman signed the Housing Bill, (S. 2246), which broadens the provisions for home, business, and farm loans... The measure will make it easier for veterans to get home loans on larger houses with smaller down payment... It also takes care of those veterans who are unable to obtain private financing at an interest rate of 4 percent or less... Broadens and replaces previous authority for FHA to insure loans for cooperative housing projects, particularly for veterans... Highlights of the bill are:

(1) Loans under the new bill may be guaranteed up to 60 percent, but not more than \$7,500, instead of 50 percent and \$4,000 under old law. The maximum term is extended from 25 to 30 years. This will extend the range of 4 percent GI home finance to veterans... (2) The Veterans Administrator is required to prescribe minimum requirements for new construction guaranteed by GI home loans... (3) A provision is added to the GI Bill to assist in making the GI guaranty more workable in the case of a farm home and places these

loans on same basis as other GI home loans... (4) The Veterans Administrator is authorized to make direct loans up to \$150,000,000 to veterans for homes, in an amount of not more than \$10,000 per loan, where it can be shown that the veteran is unable to obtain private financing at not more than 4 percent interest... (5) Eliminates the costly and unwieldy combination VA-FHA loan which costs the veteran nearly 5 percent interest... (6) Special FHA mortgage aids for veterans' housing cooperatives.

Another feature is provision for disposal of Federally-owned housing originally provided for war workers, or for emergency use of vets in post-war period... Of the 365,000 units still in Federal ownership nearly two-thirds are temporary structures and under this bill are subject to removal at end of 1950 unless specially exempted... Most of the permanent housing is to be sold, with the occupants -- individually or as co-op groups -- having first opportunity; veteran occupants have first preference... The direct loan provisions become effective 90 days after President Truman signed the bill... Expiration date of direct loan is June 30, 1951, unless Congress sees fit to renew.

## RECOVERY FROM JERRYBUILT HOUSING:

Of considerable interest to vets who grabbed quick-construction houses in order to get a place to live is the statement of Housing Expediter Tighe E. Woods that as of April 1 a total of \$2,262,545.23 had been obtained for veterans in refunds or corrections of deficiencies in construction or equipment of homes built under priority authorization... Bulk of this total -- \$1,962,309.79 -- was obtained through compliance settlements negotiated between the Office of the Housing Expediter, (Washington 25, D. C.) and the builders involved... The remaining \$300,235.44 came in the form of judgments and settlements resulting from litigations... The compliance settlements involved a total of 13,349 homes for the average refund or restitution of \$147 per home... As of the same date, 95 cases involving more than 2,300 homes were on hand in the OHE offices in various stages of processing... In addition, 218 cases had been referred to U. S. attorneys for civil and criminal action.

## WW1 HELLO GIRLS ASK VET STATUS:

Signal Corps girls of WW1, who have been rated as civilian employees, are lining up behind four bills currently pending in Congress, that would give them Army discharges and military (or veteran) status similar to WW2 WACs... The women were mustered into service in 1917 in response to General Pershing's call for a French-speaking telephone operations unit... "We served overseas, lived under supervision of the YMCA, wore Army uniforms with Army buttons and Signal Corps insignia, and served under Army rules, regulation and pay," says Miss E. Jeanette Couture, who heads the Eastern Division of World War 1 Women... The Signal Corps girls -- most of whom served overseas -- were classed with YMCA and Red Cross workers (though in Government service) and have not been given eligibility for Legion membership.

## VA POSTPONES DISMISSAL OF 4,700:

Just before the axe fell on the necks of some 4,700 VA hospital and clinic employees in early April, the

order of dismissal was suspended....The order did not relieve the 3,000 non-medical employees, who got the gate for "economy" reasons....Veteran Administrator Gray asked for a supplemental budget of \$2,190,000 to keep the medical personnel employed through the end of the fiscal year.

#### TERMINAL LEAVE PAY DEADLINE:

WW2 vets who failed to file an application for their Terminal Leave Pay will get another chance.... Congress has passed and sent to the President a bill extending the deadline to June 30, 1951....The right to file such applications expired on September 1, 1948, but since that time some 25,000 applications have piled up....Terminal Leave is payable only to service personnel separated prior to September 1, 1946.

#### HOMESTEAD PROJECTS OPENED:

Two new homestead projects will be opened in June, at Yakima, Washington, and Riverton, Wyoming.... WW2 vets have preference, but they'll have to move fast in order to get their applications in....In the Yakima Project, 723 acres of irrigable public land, comprising 11 farm units, will be let....Application must be in the office of the Superintendent, Yakima Project, Bureau of Reclamation, Federal Building, Yakima, Washington, by 2:00 p. m., June 15, 1950....At Riverton, 6,940 acres of irrigable public land, 54 farm units, are offered....Applications must be filed with Superintendent, Operation and Development, Bureau of Reclamation, Riverton, Wyoming by 2:00 p. m., June 26th....Vets interested in homesteading (and there must be a lot of them judging from letters to this page) can get general information on available lands and requirements from Department of the Interior, Bureau of Reclamation, Washington 25, D. C.

#### DATE SET TO PICK UNKNOWN OF WW2:

The body of the unidentified American who will symbolize the unknown hero dead of WW2 will be selected in historic Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on May 26, 1951....The final selection will be made from among the bodies of six members of the Armed Forces who were killed overseas and whose identities cannot be established....The unidentified service man will be enshrined in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, where the Unknown Soldier of WW1 is buried....He will be known as the Unknown Member of the United States Armed Forces....The unknown hero of WW1 was taken from an Army cemetery....Defense Department plans that the six bodies brought to Independence Hall will come from each of the five overseas theatres and the Alaskan command....All branches of the Armed Forces will be represented, including the Coast Guard....The one chosen will lie in state in the Capitol rotunda until time for burial ceremonies at Arlington on Memorial Day, May 30, 1951....The other five unknown dead will be returned to overseas areas for reburial.

#### NEW YORK CHANGES CIVIL SERVICE PREFERENCE:

A new vet preference point system, approved by the voters last November, will be in effect in New York next January 1....The new system abolishes the absolute veteran preference system....It gives disabled vets an extra 10 points on examination for appointment to State and local Civil Service jobs, and 5 points on promotional exams....Non-disabled vets will get 5 and 2½ points, respectively....The credits can be used only once.

#### LIBERTY BELL SYMBOL OF SAVINGS DRIVE:

The Liberty Bell is the symbol of the Treasury Department's Savings Bonds Independence Drive, set for May 15 through July 4, 1950....Legion Posts throughout the country, as in all past drives, will cooperate in this drive for savings for economic independence.

... "Every Member Buy a Bond," is the slogan given to Legionnaires by J. Nelson (Jack) Tribby, Chairman of the Legion's National Savings Bonds Committee....Eighty million Americans are already shareholders in their Government by buying and keeping Savings Bonds.

#### GI LOANS PASS TEN BILLION MARK:

WW2 vets have been enabled to finance more than \$10 billion in homes, farm, and business loans over the past five years....The ten billion mark was passed in December; by year-end VA had approved GI loans for nearly 1,900,000 vets in a total principal amount of \$10,029,000,000....\$9.4 billion went into construction and purchase of homes....Business loans amounted to \$358 million, and farm loans, \$206 million....Continuing the line of statistics, more than 146,000 have completely repaid loans, while others -- with remarkably few exceptions -- are meeting their periodic payments promptly....VA has thus far paid claims against guaranty to lenders in only about 13,500 cases of defaulted loans....Claims paid against home loans have amounted to only three-tenths of one percent....This favorable delinquency experience was cited as especially notable in view of the liberal terms on which most GI loans have been made.

#### MILITARY CREDITS FOR PO VETS:

Senate Committee on Postoffices and Civil Service voted to report H.R. 87, as passed by the House, relating to the promotion of WW2 vets in the field service of the Postoffice Department....Bill was placed on the Senate Calendar....Also the same Committee favorably reported to the Senate H.R. 4285, amending the Act of July 31, 1946, in order to retroactively advance in grade and compensation vets in the postal field service.

#### ANOTHER CALL FOR ILLINOIS VETS:

State Auditor Benjamin O. Cooper again reminds Illinois WW2 vets that he is holding 121 bonus checks amounting to \$50,000 that he wants to deliver to the rightful owners....These checks belong to vets who filed bonus claims from one address, then changed to another without giving proper notification....Checks were returned by the postoffices as undeliverable....There are also more than 100 WW1 checks gathering dust in his vaults....Eleven of these 25-year-old WW1 checks have been delivered within the past year, and WW2 defaults have been reduced from 700 to 121....Illinois vets who have wondered why their checks have not arrived, and who have not taken the trouble to find out, may get some good news by writing State Auditor Benjamin O. Cooper, Springfield, Illinois, or his Chicago office at 188 West Randolph Street....Checks may be claimed by submitting a change of address affidavit.

#### GI EDUCATION AND TRAINING COURSES:

Deadline for most veterans for starting a course of education and training under the GI Bill is only a little more than a year away -- July 25, 1951.... Majority of WW2 vets will not be permitted to start courses after that date....But an exception has been made for those discharged after July 25, 1947, and those who enlisted or re-enlisted under the Armed Forces Voluntary Recruitment Act....July 25, 1951, is not important to vets who have already started and are actually on GI courses -- they have the right to continue their courses.

#### DISABILITY RETIREMENT PAY JURISDICTION:

President Truman has signed Executive Order 10122 which transfers responsibility for hospitalization and pay for practically all armed service personnel retired for physical disability from the Veterans Administration to the respective Service Departments....Order becomes effective July 1st.

## On with the Show

(Continued from page 28)

except that it came to life in the brain of LeRoy Prinz, one of Hollywood's best known directors and a Legionnaire since the days of the Paris caucus. Whether he thought first of the Legion's need for funds to carry on its great work for veteran rehabilitation and child welfare or of the glory that would ensue to the Legion from the success of such a smash show isn't known. That is something like asking which came first, the chicken or the egg. At any rate, Prinz tied up with his colleague, Owen Crump, famous as a Hollywood writer and producer and member of Hollywood Post 43. Since that

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For additional information concerning the show, write to: *Red, White and Blue*, c/o Frank H. McFarland, 2035 Highland Avenue, Hollywood 28, California.

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moment they have lived and breathed *Red, White and Blue* twenty-four hours a day.

"Prinz and Crump came up with such a clear-cut proposal that they quickly convinced the National Executive Committee of the soundness of the project. They weren't bashful about saying that this could not be a penny-ante game—it would take real money. But the chances for recoupment and profit were so easy to see, that the budget of \$300,000 was readily approved. This money will be repaid from the first receipts, after which the profits will be allocated to the Legion nationally, the Auxiliary and the various departments in proportion to their respective investments, with all money earmarked for the announced purpose. No individual can personally profit. National Commander George N. Craig appointed a special committee to work closely with Prinz and Crump, and department commanders were requested to name department committees to assist in talent hunts and bookings of the extravaganza through the states. The Commander's Special Committee consists of Arthur J. Connell, Connecticut, Chairman; Harry W. Colmery, Kansas; Leo V. Lanning, New York; James F. O'Neil, New Hampshire; and E. Meade Wilson, Florida."

How much will *Red, White and Blue* gross for the Legion? Nobody knows, because John J. Hill, general business representative for the show, is still busy taking dates. Hill, for years associated with the Shuberts and a member of Hollywood Post, already has booking dates which extend for a year beyond the opening in Los Angeles during the national convention in October. He has enough offers of booking to keep it in business another year. People who run shows don't like to go much beyond that.

Meantime, back in Hollywood, the magic of movietown is busy putting the show together. Producers Prinz and Crump have taken over the entire second floor of Hollywood Post's famous clubhouse. They use the big stage in the auditorium for rehearsals and utilize the

smaller stage in the dining room for auditions. The whole building takes on the aspect of a studio operation.

In one part of the headquarters, Roy Mack, famous as a stage and screen producer and director, functions as director of talent. He personally interviews every applicant, then turns the more promising material over to Producers Prinz and Crump. As this is written, Talent Director Mack plans to leave on a nation-wide talent hunt, which is part of the plan set up by Producers Prinz and Crump with the National Executive Committee to give every deserving veteran in any part of the country a chance to show his or her talents. Auditions will be held, hospitals will be visited, and it is hoped that new acts of professional caliber will be discovered for *Red, White and Blue*.

While a steady stream of ambitious thespians pours in and out of Talent Director Mack's offices, other artisans of make-believe are busy on different facets of the show. Harper Goff, famed artist and motion picture production designer, is creating the scenic effects for the many acts that will make up the show's entertainment menu. Leah Rhodes and Marjorie Best, winners of Awards—Oscars—from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, have been signed by Producers Prinz and Crump to design the costumes for *Red, White and Blue*. Half a dozen of Hollywood's most famous song writers are now at work on tunes which they confidently predict will give the show the greatest score of any stage musical. Dave Rose, who composed *Holiday For Strings* and the music for many great screen successes, is doing the symphonic overture and the music for a great ballet.

An outstanding feature of the show is that it will be all-American in keeping with the finest traditions of the Legion.

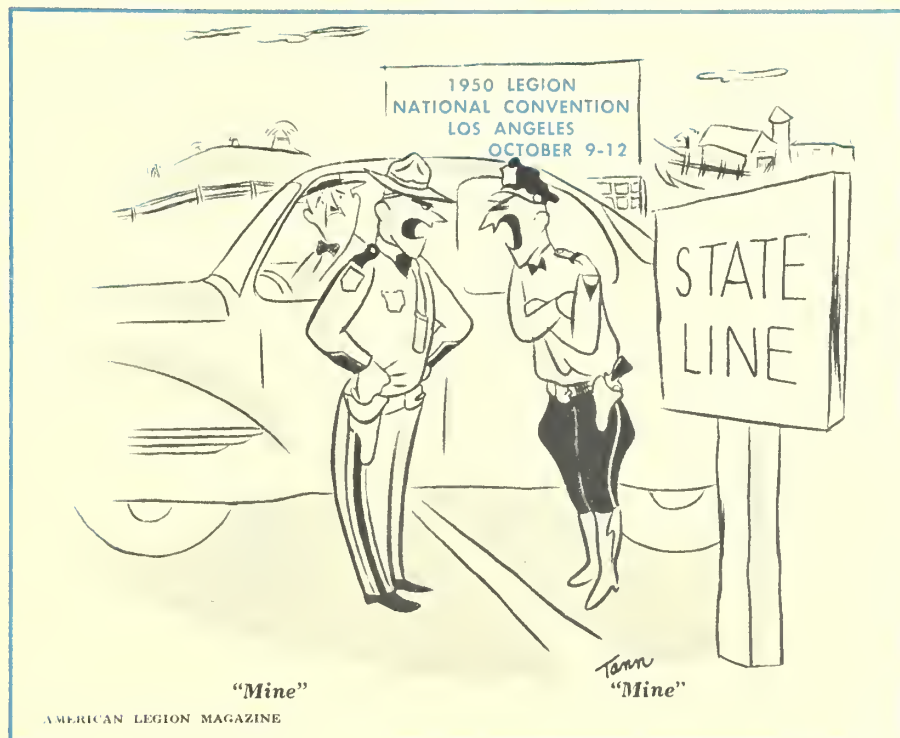
The over-all theme will be a kaleidoscopic review of the American scene.

"This is the greatest theme ever used for a musical," Producer Prinz said as he proudly displayed the first small models of some of the sets he will use. "It is colorful and nostalgic and romantic and any time you have that combination in one show you have a hit."

There have been plenty of problems to solve in connection with the extensive tour of *Red, White and Blue*. One was transportation and hotel accommodations. This may sound like ordinary stuff, but it is much more than that when one considers that there will be 150 performers in the cast, in addition to the big star names to be changed frequently as it progresses along its route. Many times the show will close in one city and open the next night in another. That means that the players will have to sleep on the train, possibly eat on it. There was only one way out, so Producers Prinz and Crump are now making final arrangements for the "Red, White and Blue Special." In addition to the 150 performers, this train will carry a full orchestra and all the technical experts, such as wardrobe workers, property men, electricians and stage hands. At least two big cars will be required to handle the special scenery, wardrobe and stage effects.

So, Legionnaire, now you're in show business—right up to HERE! The Legion's veteran rehabilitation and child welfare work will benefit, but nobody in *Red, White and Blue* is stressing that point. As Frank H. McFarland, Past National Vice Commander, Past Department Commander of Kansas and now the Legion's liaison representative with Producers Prinz and Crump, put it: "It's no job to sell this great show. Just sell the Legion and you sell the nation!"

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

## Killers at the Wheel

(Continued from page 17)

anguished screams. Human brains littered the roadway and a lake of blood seeped into the black Iowa soil. Because the law had failed to keep a repeater off the road, four died that night.

More recently, in New Jersey, another accident repeater who was driving a car containing four passengers, decided to make a U-turn on a curve of a four-lane highway. Making U-turns on that road was forbidden but, like so many of his ilk, the repeater paid little attention to traffic laws. When he was in the middle of his turn, another car containing four persons raced around the curve at 50 m.p.h. and slammed into him. The impact was so terrific that several bodies were hurled many yards through the air—like stones from a slingshot. The toll: seven dead, two badly hurt.

In California, a woman repeater blithely ran through a stop sign when turning into a main highway. A heavy truck happened to be coming along at that moment. In a desperate effort to keep from hitting the woman's car, the truck driver turned so sharply that the truck capsized. A third vehicle crashed into the overturned truck with awful force. Two dead, four hurt.

In Connecticut, still another repeater, a middle-aged man with a skinful of booze, bowled along a snowy back road at night at high speed. He had been warned that he couldn't combine drinking and driving, but what was a warning? Suddenly a horse-drawn sleigh filled with happy, singing high school youngsters out for a sleighride loomed in front of him. The sleigh was well lighted and on the right side of the road, but the repeater rammed into it. Eleven of the kids were mangled, several crippled for life.

I could go on citing atrocities like these by the hundred. They occur every day and in every state of the Union. The repeaters who commit them are Enemies of Society in the truest sense of the word.

To permit them to drive is stupid. The great majority of motorists would love to get them off the road. But because of ridiculously ineffective laws and enforcement they retain their licenses and literally get away with murder year after year.

Just how many accident repeaters there are in the country depends upon your definition of a repeater. One clever traffic expert has put it this way: Every dog has its bite and every driver his accident. More than one bite brands a dog as vicious and more than one accident makes a driver a repeater.

That definition is technically correct but a bit unfair. Some careful drivers, especially those in occupations where they have to drive constantly in heavy traffic, become involved in more than one serious accident through no fault of their own. Such unfortunate persons cannot be called public enemies.

But careful studies conducted at Yale University by one of America's leading traffic authorities, Dr. Harry R. DeSilva, show that most people who get into accidents over and over again are not merely unlucky. The fault is nearly always their own.

After analyzing the records of thousands of drivers over a six-year period, Dr. DeSilva discovered that 80.9 percent of drivers do not get involved in serious accidents at all and that another 15.2 percent have only one accident each. But he found that the remaining 3.9 percent of drivers—the tiny minority of repeaters—account for 36.4 percent of all accidents.

He proved the repeaters a definite menace, moreover, by showing that the more accidents a driver has the more he is likely to have. For example, the driver who has been in one accident is twice as likely to get into another as the driver who has never been in one; the driver with two accidents is three times as apt to become

involved in another as the man who has none; and the confirmed repeater who has been in four accidents is seven times as likely to crash again as the driver with a clear record.

These findings of Dr. DeSilva have been supported by other statistical studies made in other places. In Wichita, Kansas, it was found that drivers who had been guilty of five or more traffic violations caused six times as many personal injury accidents per 100 drivers as the non-violators. In Massachusetts, it was discovered that 25 percent of all drivers involved in fatal accidents had been in other serious accidents during the previous year. The case against the repeaters is a conclusive one.

What kind of people are these repeaters? Are they vicious or just careless? Do they suffer from poor vision or faulty muscular coordination? Are they morons or underprivileged victims of circumstance who are more to be pitied than censured?

Perhaps the best answers ever provided to these questions have come out of an investigation conducted in 1948 by the Eno Foundation for Traffic Control at Saugatuck, Conn., under the supervision of Dr. Herbert J. Stack, Director of the Center for Safety Education at New York University. In this study, Dr. Stack and his associates subjected several hundred drivers to exhaustive tests of various kinds to determine in what respects, if any, accident repeaters differ from other drivers.

As a group, the researchers found, repeaters are not made up of very young people or persons who are physically or mentally handicapped. They are found in every age group and there are many more of them in their late twenties than in their 'teens. They are just as healthy, have just as good eyesight and hearing, and just as high an average I.Q. rating as drivers who do not get into accidents. They are also just as prosperous.

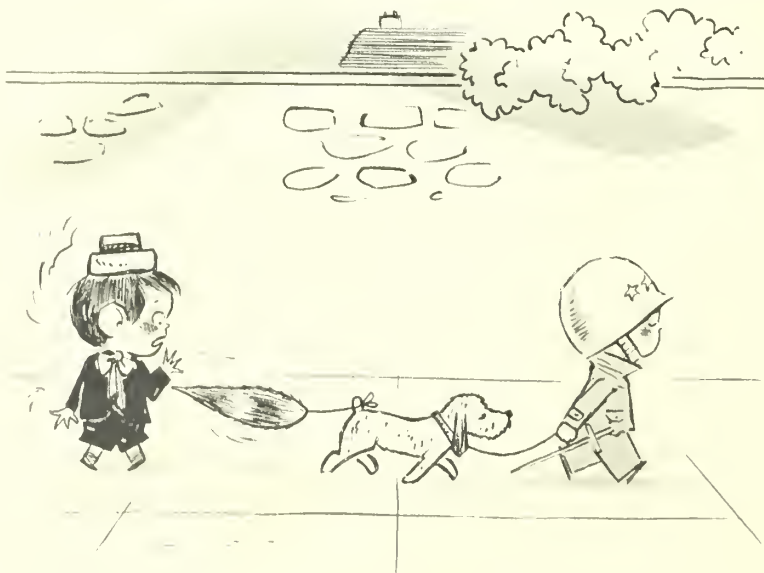
But repeaters, it was discovered, are not as emotionally stable as non-repeaters. In one test, drivers were required to guide the point of an instrument called a "stylus" through a brass plate in which a curving pathway had been cut. With the stylus inserted equidistant from the sides of the pathway, there was about an eighth of an inch clearance on both sides, and the instrument was wired so that each time the stylus touched the brass plate an electrical counter recorded the touch.

Under ordinary conditions, the repeaters were just as steady as the non-repeaters in undergoing this test, but when lights were flashed at them unexpectedly, horns blown and other disturbing factors introduced they blew up and touched the plate much more often than non-repeaters. In other words, they couldn't "take it" as well under conditions of stress and distraction.

Average repeaters were also found to have less knowledge of driving regulations and practices than non-repeaters. Many of them simply didn't know, and apparently didn't want to know, that you

### GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

should keep a safe distance behind other cars, not pass on curves, not speed up at intersections, etc.

But despite their lack of driving know-how, the repeaters preferred much higher driving speeds than the safe drivers. Several of those interviewed felt that 70 m.p.h. was a nice, safe speed in the daytime and that 60 m.p.h. was safe at night.

As a group, they were also almost twice as cocky about their tolerance to alcohol as non-repeaters. Twenty-one percent of them boasted that they could drive fine after five highballs. One repeater—a tavern-keeper who had been involved in 20 traffic violations—said he drank a quart of whisky a day but insisted he could hold it and didn't think it affected his driving.

In their attitude toward life in general, the repeaters were inclined to take the cynical view that success depends more upon luck and "pull" than upon ability and hard work. Twice as many repeaters as non-repeaters said they played cards for money and attended race tracks and night clubs regularly.

From these findings of the Eno Foundation study it appears that the composite accident repeater who causes more than a third of all highway tragedy is pretty much of a wise guy. He is a fellow who goes to pieces when the heat's on. Actually he doesn't know how to drive well, but he regards himself as a monarch of the highways. He ignores the rules, drives faster than other people, and thinks nothing of getting stinko before going for a spin. He is a chance-taker who depends upon Lady Luck rather than skill.

Not all accident repeaters are like that, of course. A minority are very nice people who actually are handicapped. Some of them suffer from color blindness or night blindness. A few are given to involuntary napping or daydreaming while driving.

A gray-haired, highly-respected clergyman in an eastern city was arrested recently after his wife telephoned the police and begged them to pick him up. He was so absent-minded that he got into a traffic mishap virtually every time he took his car out of the garage, she said, and she was scared to death that he would kill himself or somebody else. The police overtook the reverend gentleman just as he was driving dreamily through a red traffic light and, to his wife's joy, a judge revoked his license.

But whether repeaters are saintly old characters like that or dyed-in-the-wool smart alecks, as they usually are, they have no place on the public roads. If you or your wife or child are crushed under a couple of tons of wreckage, or decapitated by torn metal, or burned alive, it doesn't matter much what kind of person was back of the wheel of the offending vehicle.

Inadequate licensing laws, resulting from the traditional American belief that "anybody can drive a car," are responsible for a host of repeaters on the roads. In one state, South Dakota, you can still drive without a license at all, and in several others road tests are not required or are so perfunctory as to be almost meaningless.

It is easier and cheaper in many parts of the country to get a driver's license, as

a matter of fact, than it is to obtain a fishing or hunting license. It will cost you \$5 or \$10 to get a permit to stalk game, but for 25 or 50 cents some states grant you a license to hunt human prey on the highways.

Stricter licensing laws and examinations are required as a first step against accident repeaters. As a matter of fact, it would be a fine thing if all drivers everywhere were required to undergo reexamination. In that way thousands of the most dangerous ones could be weeded out at once.

More driver education and improved



methods of reporting accidents are also vitally needed. Although every state requires reports on fatal accidents, many of them do not have adequate machinery for compiling information about accidents in which no one is killed. Consequently, dangerous repeaters often appear to have clear records.

Stern enforcement of existing laws against repeaters is likewise a must. Since the very start of the automobile era, traffic violations have been the easiest offenses to "fix" and they still are. Officers and judges who would not dream of being soft with other potential killers let repeaters get away with murder.

In the investigation of the Margaret Mitchell tragedy, for example, it was disclosed that most of Gravitt's previous offenses had been of a serious nature. But the heaviest penalty that had ever been levied against him was a \$17 fine, and he was a taxi operator in good standing at the time he ran down Miss Mitchell. We can never expect to stop highway butchery while such asinine leniency exists.

But, most important of all, we need new legal weapons with which to hit repeaters right between the eyes. Several safety-minded states are testing such weapons. One of the most effective is a plan now in use in Connecticut.

Under this plan, which is being con-

sidered for national indorsement by the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, the erring driver is graded through use of a point system. For each accident or traffic violation in which he becomes involved a certain number of points are marked against him in accordance with the following scale:

|                                                       |           |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Fatal accident involvement . . . . .                  | 10 points |
| Operating under the influence of liquor . . . . .     | 10 points |
| Evading responsibility . . . . .                      | 8 points  |
| Operating under suspension . . . . .                  | 7 points  |
| Reckless driving (\$50 fine or over) . . . . .        | 6 points  |
| Reckless driving (less than \$50 fine) . . . . .      | 4 points  |
| Speeding . . . . .                                    | 3 points  |
| Violating rules of road . . . . .                     | 2 points  |
| All other convictions for moving violations . . . . . | 2 points  |
| Accident involvement, no conviction . . . . .         | 1 point   |

If a driver accumulates three points, he receives a warning letter from the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. If his score reaches five points, he is summoned to a conference where a Hearing Officer talks to him like a Dutch uncle and tells him his driving had better be just about perfect from then on. If he commits another offense and thus has six or more points marked against him he is called to a hearing, when his license is virtually always suspended.

This Connecticut system has been in operation only since 1947 but it is working effectively. Last year, fewer than 300 drivers failed to heed warnings given them. Knowing the law would crack down hard, repeaters just didn't repeat.

The accident rate also dropped sharply. Next to Rhode Island, Connecticut was the safest state in the country in which to drive a car in 1949. Its traffic death rate was only 3.4 deaths per 100,000,000 vehicle miles. That compared with a high rate of 11.2 in New Mexico and 7.4 for the entire country.

Connecticut is not the only state which is taking vigorous action against accident repeaters. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and a few other states have also awakened to the tremendous menace which they represent. New York has just inaugurated a program under which drivers who are involved in three accidents in an eighteen-month period have to undergo reexamination.

But over the country as a whole, the Hugh Gravitts still mow down the innocent and they still get away with it. Human intestines spatter the highways and human blood gushes over the concrete every hour as a result of their depredations, yet five bucks or a not very good cigar squares them with the law in many parts of the nation and they continue to maim and slay.

It is not the politicians or the police who are primarily responsible for this. We can blame only ourselves. If we are ever to purge the roads of the accident repeaters we must shake off our apathy concerning them, bring public pressure to bear, and go after them intelligently as we would any other enemies of society.

THE END

# What I Found in 5,000 LETTERS



By **RICHARD MANVILLE**

PRESIDENT, RICHARD MANVILLE RESEARCH ORGANIZATION

SUBJECT: American Legion Contest "What Am I Going to Do with my NSLI Refund?"

Approximately 5,000 letters poured in for the contest offering \$500 for the most interesting letter on the subject "What I Will Do with My NSLI Insurance Refund," and the over-all impression was that each of the writers was not only overwhelmed at this windfall, but humbly grateful.

Letter after letter began: "This money is a real Godsend" or "getting this money right now is a miracle." Most of the letters boiled down less to *what* would be done with the money but *which* of a number of necessities was most urgent.

The stories they told were fairly uniform—a picture of a young veteran caught in an almost impossible struggle of making ends meet and just able to keep his head above water. The years since his discharge have been tough: getting through school on a GI allowance or getting started in business, getting married and starting a family, finding suitable housing (especially when landlords seem universally opposed to children), and paying hospital and doctor bills.

But they are plowing ahead with dogged determination. Somehow they have managed. They *have* gotten married, they *have* had children, they *have* gotten through even though a tidal wave of debts threatens to swamp them at any time.

Therefore, after a few delirious moments of daydreaming about spending the refund on cruises or television sets, most settle down to a sober consideration of which bill or debt is the most pressing and apportion the money in accordance.

Last December, *The American Legion Magazine* announced a contest in which we asked our readers to tell us what they planned to do with their National Service Life Insurance dividend. For the most interesting letter, a prize of \$500 was offered, while the ten runners-up were to receive \$10 apiece. To assure the utmost fairness, an outside research organization was employed to select the most promising letters, and the final selection was made by members of the staff of the magazine. The winners were announced in our April issue, but as an interesting by-product we present herewith a report made by the man whose company read the letters. You will find, as the editors did, a good deal more to it than a discussion of contest letters, for Mr. Manville found in the letters a fascinating portrayal of veterans generally. You may find yourself in this report.

Probably the most frequently-mentioned use for the refund will be to pay doctor bills for a new baby, either still owed or imminent. Time and again the phrase occurs: "it will be a race between my check and the stork." But these babies are wanted and cherished. The veteran feels his responsibility keenly toward the

next generation, and many have decided to do without some urgently needed expenditure in order to invest the refund in bonds or education insurance for their children. He wants his kids to have a chance at the best, and he and his wife are prepared to do without to make it possible.

Incidentally, twins seem to run particularly high among Legionnaires, and there was even one case of triplets!

The Big Dream of almost every writer is to have a home of his own. Many were forced to take on a financial burden they couldn't afford and buy a home because living with in-laws became impossible or because no one would take them in with children. Others are still in desperate circumstances and must get a house. The refund will make a down payment possible or will be used to help finish a half-built house. Almost all of the veterans are doing a large part of the construction work themselves, or doing vital remodeling to make a shack or old building livable. The refund will pay for finishing attics, installing bathrooms, drilling wells, putting on a new roof, etc. They are working with their own hands to make a home for their families.

A few who are in a little more secure position are eager to own television sets, but in the home appliance field the majority have to pass up such luxuries for a washing machine, electric sewing machine, new stove, water heater or furnace. Hobby equipment such as photography is scarcely mentioned; power tools are the most desired in this line, but with the utilitarian view of building furniture or installing kitchen cabinets or finishing a house.

Many speak wistfully of a *new* car, especially those who are suffering with second-hand jobs that keep falling apart. Quite a number are buying light panel trucks or jeep station wagons to use in their work. But not many will be able to buy the new car right now and will try to save the refund toward buying a car soon.

The worst budget-busters are unexpected medical bills. Just when the vet begins to think he sees a glimmer of light ahead—wham! His wife needs an operation or there is another baby on the way, or he requires hospitalization. The grave problem of polio hits the veterans and their families as it has hit the whole nation. A sad number tell the need to spend their money for braces for their crippled children or family. They are grateful for the care their families have received from special polio funds and hope to make some contribution to these foundations.

A number of vets are going to try to squeeze a little out of their refund to help others. Some are helping to establish DP families here, others want to send help to unfortunate families who were kind to them in England or Europe. Giving a tenth to their church is frequently mentioned, and Boy's Town also rates high as a charity with veterans. A number are still haunted by a buddy that was killed and are planning to make trips to visit

bereaved families. One or two are planning to revisit foreign battlefields with the quest of trying to understand what it was all about and *why*.

The majority must spend their refund immediately, after much thought on how to stretch each penny to infinity. Only about 25 per cent can afford to save the refund, and those who are investing it in government bonds invariably are saving for something specific, such as a new home or a car or children's education. Only a very few can afford just to put it aside for a "rainy day." However, one or two assert their faith in the American system by saying they intend to buy stocks.

Most of them are hanging on to their GI insurance, and congratulate themselves that they did. Many admit they were reluctant to sign up for it in the Army, but now they thank their stars for it. Quite a few will use the refund to pay premiums in advance, or convert.

The letters flowed in from Frankfort, Germany to Alaska. The writers covered almost every occupation and profession: coal miners, share-croppers, farmers, salesmen, on-the-job trainees, students, doctors, chiroprodists, chiropractors, dentists, lawyers, teachers, carpenters, machine operators, insurance salesmen, and small business owners.

If we were to award the prize to the most *needy* the task of choosing would be

almost impossible. We'd just have to toss most of the letters in a bin and draw blind-folded. And since we said the prize would go to the most *interesting*, it still is difficult to choose. For *all* the letters were interesting—just as every human life is interesting.

Probably the most interesting thing of all was the total picture that the letters presented. These are pretty swell guys and solid citizens. They love their homes; they love their children. They *want* to pay their debts. And while they breathe a deep sigh of gratitude for a windfall like this insurance refund, they aren't looking for any handouts.

There is a strong and stubborn streak of independence in all of them. They want their own homes, their own land, their own businesses. Even while barely scratching out an existence they are putting aside a few pennies for more education, more training, tools or equipment. They are adding more chickens, or another cow. They're trying to get ahead on their own.

They've got plenty of troubles—oh, brother! But they aren't whiners. Grim courage and a deep faith in America comes through in almost every letter. They know where they want to go even though they aren't sure how they are going to get there—but they *will*.

In fact, they're one hell of a bunch!

## THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

### APPROVED 1950 BUDGET

#### ANTICIPATED REVENUE

##### General Income

|                                     |                |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| Dues at \$1.00 .....                | \$3,000,000.00 |
| Dues prior years .....              | 4,000.00       |
| S.A.L. Dues .....                   | 1,500.00       |
| S.A.L. Dues prior years .....       | 150.00         |
| Emblem Division .....               | 120,000.00     |
| Advertising, Amer. Legion Mag. .... | 1,050,000.00   |
| Reserve Fund earnings .....         | 15,000.00      |
| Purchase Discount .....             | 9,000.00       |
| Interest on Capitol Ave. Bldg. .... | 2,500.00       |
| Interest on Emblem Inventory .....  | 8,000.00       |
| Miscellaneous .....                 | 30,000.00      |

\$4,240,150.00

##### Restricted Income:

##### For Americanism:

|                                  |           |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| Americanism Endowment Fund ..... | 50,000.00 |
|----------------------------------|-----------|

##### For Rehabilitation:

|                                 |            |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| Dues @ 25¢ on 2,200,000 .....   | 550,000.00 |
| Half Endow. Fund earnings ..... | 72,500.00  |
| American Legion Auxiliary ..... | 30,000.00  |

652,500.00

##### For Child Welfare:

|                                 |           |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Half Endow. Fund earnings ..... | 72,500.00 |
| American Legion Auxiliary ..... | 10,000.00 |
| Forty and Eight .....           | 50,000.00 |
| Eight and Forty .....           | 2,000.00  |

134,500.00

\$5,077,150.00

#### ANTICIPATED EXPENSES

|                                   |              |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| Administration (Indianapolis) ... | \$207,385.89 |
| Field Service .....               | 59,408.89    |
| Membership and Post Activities..  | 85,462.45    |
| Administration (Wash., D. C.).... | 37,153.25    |
| Americanism .....                 | 133,612.97   |
| Executive .....                   | 151,404.05   |
| Economic .....                    | 53,567.35    |
| Finance .....                     | 66,510.42    |
| Publications .....                | 3,128,180.27 |
| Legislative .....                 | 81,401.25    |
| Public Relations .....            | 125,282.95   |
| Security .....                    | 41,698.51    |
| Rehabilitation .....              | 675,540.60   |
| Child Welfare .....               | 164,670.84   |
| Reserve .....                     | 65,870.31    |

\$5,077,150.00

#### NATIONAL FINANCE COMMISSION

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# AT HOME IN JUNE . . . By KITTY YORK



*A party that will pile up records for your friends*

IT WON'T be long now until wedding bells will be ringing all around you. June is the month for marriages and that means you'll soon be hearing some "I do's."

Once the newlyweds return from their honeymoon, you can do them a big favor—and have a good time yourself—by giving them a special get-acquainted party. It's a painless, perfect way to introduce the new couple to your friends and to make them feel a part of "the crowd."

If you don't think they'll appreciate it, remember how trying it was for you after your marriage to meet new friends and neighbors.

"Those first few months of formal calls by good-hearted but strange people almost drove me mad," a friend of mine recently said.



INVITATIONS like this introduce the record theme

"Everybody always meant so well but they invariably dropped in when I was in my oldest clothes, busy unpacking crates."

A get-acquainted party can spare your newlyweds such situations and let them enjoy themselves in the bargain. Here are a few hints on how to run one.

Just to be different, make your affair a Phonograph Record Party and tell each of your guests to bring along a record "for the Smiths."

The records they bring will not only provide dance music for the evening but they also will start the couple off with a nice collection.

(Some of your friends may ask you what records to bring. With this in mind, *The American Legion Magazine* has asked the big record companies to compile lists of their all-time favorites in the classical field. If you drop me a line in care of *The*

*American Legion Magazine*, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I'll be glad to send you these lists. For suggestions on popular tunes, phone a record shop and ask its current best-sellers.)

Don't worry about entertaining your guests. They'll amuse themselves. However, you can add a fillip to the evening, and do the newlyweds another good turn, by running a little quiz program.

Get the girls off to one side together with the bride. The men can go off somewhere else with the groom. Then quiz each of the girls for her ideas as to the best butcher, baker, grocer, fish store, laundry, hairdresser, and other tradesmen in the neighborhood. The bride will be deeply grateful for this information. You might even have a little address book on hand in which she can jot down the names and locations. Meanwhile, the men can be giving the groom the names of a good plumber, carpenter, automobile mechanic, sporting goods store, etc. And don't forget to get recommendations for a good doctor, dentist and lawyer, too.

Naturally, food—good and tasty—will be the highlight of the party, and here's a recipe for a beauty of a dessert to set in the center of your table. It's for a heart-shaped meringue, made to suit this sentimental occasion.

Beat 6 egg whites and 1½ tsp. of cream of tartar stiff. Fold in ½ cups of sifted sugar little by little. Trace a heart shape on a piece of brown paper and place on a cookie sheet. Arrange meringue to the heart outline and make a depression in the center. Bake 1 hour or a little longer at 275 degrees. Then cool and fill with a lemon filling, made as follows: Beat together 6 egg yolks, 3 cans condensed milk, 1½ cups lemon juice and grated lemon rind. It will become thick without cooking. Spread this on the cooled meringue shell and garnish with cocoanut.

It's pretty, not too sweet for masculine tastes, and big enough to serve 12 to 16 guests.

And here's another good party idea:

You can dramatize the record theme of the party by sending out invitations in the shape of records. It's easy.

Cut some circles out of paper. A six-inch saucer will serve as a simple guide. Then, paste a little piece of red paper in the center, much like the label on a

phonograph record. Around the outside of the circle print the date, the hour and the place for the party. On the red label, print a few words stating this is "A party to welcome the Smiths."

Folded in half, these invitations will fit into normal-sized envelopes.

Before you seal the envelopes, be sure to include another piece of paper, saying, "Bring along a phonograph record for the Smiths."

Incidentally, a party like this is also a "natural" for welcoming any newcomers to your town.

○ ○ ○

AFTER A hard winter, there's nothing like a new window ensembles to freshen up a home, and both the Master and the Mistress of your house can have fun making them.

If there are two or more windows in your living room, you can combine them theatrically by building a long cornice across them and extending it the entire width of the wall. For most homes, a simple half-inch board of white pine, at least 4 inches wide, will serve the purpose. Attach it to the wall with small blocks of 2" x 4" lumber.

Then, in place of the heavy draperies and curtains you've had up all winter, hang lengths of gay cotton fabrics from inside the cornice down to the floor. The fabrics should overlap the windows and form a broad, colorful panel right to the ends of the wall. Cover the cornice itself with the same fabric using tacks.

The space between the windows can be decorated with groups of prints or plates.

Your windows will not only seem larger, but you'll feel cooler in a living room that has on its crisp summer clothes.

○ ○ ○

IT'S WORTH your while to get up a few minutes earlier these rare days of June—provided you spend the extra quarter-



IT TAKES little money to make this before-after change

of-an-hour in your garden. You'll have three purposes in mind. One is to remove the dead heads of flowers that died overnight. The garden will look immaculate all day as a result of this pruning. Another purpose you'll have is to cut as many flowers as you can before the sun hits them. Roses especially, but almost all flowers, like to be cut in the bud. The buds open up beautifully indoors, and the plants themselves seem to bloom all the more profusely. The third purpose is the best. The chances are that you'll be too busy later to enjoy your garden. By rising early and going out into the garden, you'll get a few morning moments of beauty that will stay with you all day.

THE END

## Suppose Someone Comes At You

(Continued from page 27)

was any type of criminal from any quarter of the world who did not bring the particular weapons of his war against society to Shanghai.

We kept the thugs, kidnappers, robbers, rapists, narcotic peddlers, confidence men, and government assassins more or less inactive in the International Settlement, while their depredations raged through the rest of the city. Our knowledge of unarmed combat, which we had to learn thoroughly, was one of the best reasons

### WALLY

No, there'll be no more meeting notices to get out until September—but, don't forget this summer picnic stuff!

Aw Shux, Chief!! Can'tcha qit some other sap to take care o' that!!?



(From June, 1937 A. L. M.)

for this. Frankly, I considered this training overdone, having a natural antipathy to very sore muscles, until my second day as a full fledged Shanghai policeman.

I WAS ON patrol on Canton Road when a Chinese rushed up to inform me a fight was going on in a nearby house. I permitted myself to be led up rickety stairs to a third-story loft. As my guide stepped aside I pushed open the door to the loft. A huge Chinese was standing in the middle of the room holding a bloody meat cleaver in his hand. At his feet lay the bodies of his wife and what had apparently been her boy friend. I did not have my pistol out, and raising the meat cleaver, the Chinese made a dash for me. Fortunately, my reaction was automatic. I stepped aside, ducked under the up-raised meat cleaver, grabbed his wrist and sent him hurtling over my head. The next second he was nursing a broken arm and I had him covered with my .45.

I would not dream of including offensive unarmed combat techniques in an article such as this which is available to the general public. According to my lights, I might just as well give away loaded pistols and bayonets to passersby on the street. Believe it or not, the advantage between defender and attacker usually lies with the former, for the attacker is almost certain to leave some opening. There are certain defensive maneuvers which are helpful to know,

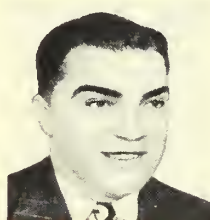
**MANNY KING,**  
of Baltimore, Md.,  
is a custom tailor  
and says, "Calvert  
Reserve is custom-  
tailored to my taste.  
I switched to Cal-  
vert because it's  
mild and mellow."

## FIT FOR A KING...

(And folks like you agree—)



**CORVIN HENSON,** SR., of E. St. Louis, Ill., switched to Calvert because "its better taste makes it a better buy."



**CLIFF DUNN,** auto dealer of Curtice, O., is a moderate man. He says, "Naturally I switched to Calvert."



**SIESEL CANADAY,** of New York City, switched to Calvert too, "I prefer Calvert's s-m-o-a-t-h flavor."



**M. H. WAGSTAFF,** of Lemay, Mo., sparts-caster, switched "because Calvert tastes better in mixed drinks!"

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**DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY, MARION, INDIANA**

**Delta BUDDY** LITTLE ELECTRIC LANTERN

46 • The American Legion Magazine • June, 1950

and I am happy to give them, for I believe that a person who picks a fight with anyone else deserves what he gets.

If a man attacks you swinging and lets fly with a right cross, block the blow with your left arm, step in close and grip the upper part of his arm. With your hip in his stomach, pull down on his arm. The result is a heavy fall for the attacker.

**I**F YOU are seized around the waist, there are a couple of defenses. You can implant your thumbs in your opponent's carotid arteries under the base of his jaw, or place your left hand in the small of his back and your right hand in his face with the thumb directly beneath the nose. Pressure by both your arms will force your adversary over backwards.

If the attacker should succeed in forcing you to the ground and be on top of you, grip his coat or shirt collar on the left side with your right hand and on the right with your left hand and just keep tugging. If you hold on and increase the pressure, he will be unconscious or, if he is the stubborn type, dead.

A woman of average strength can be a formidable opponent for a man, if she has knowledge of certain principles of unarmed combat. The best of these for her is certainly judo, for it is based principally on speed and leverage. Her center of gravity is lower and if she is attacked from behind and can pull one of the man's arms over her shoulder, she can heave and he will fly over her head. Face to face with her attacker, she can use her long nails, which every student of fighting knows are excellent, especially when pushed in the eyes or the nostrils.

An accurate knowledge of nerve centers to a woman would pay off in unarmed combat, for her fingers are more accurate and move faster. For example, women are generally preferred in such jobs as sorting fruit or typing. The main factor against a woman in combat is psychological. She

has probably been told since she was a little girl that "men do the fighting," that she is a member of the "weaker sex."

I have personally practiced all phases of unarmed combat with a woman professional who weighs less than 100 pounds and who caters to the movie trade from offices on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. She is my idea of a superb student of unarmed combat.

**M**Y FIRST lesson with the ability of women to perform as unarmed combatants was learned the hard way. After leaving the Shanghai Municipal Police Force, I went to work as an agent for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in New York. One of the typists was a very pretty, diminutive redhead. Several times I asked her for dates, but she was unimpressed. Finally, one day, strictly as an effort to impress her, I persuaded her to stand up, stood behind her, and told her how to grab my wrist.

"Now," I said, in my best professional manner, "If you knew what I could teach you, you could throw me over your head." "Like this?" said the lady, and I went flying through the air and landed against the wall some ten feet away.

My job with the Bureau of Narcotics was interrupted by the war. When I returned I traveled around the country teaching the agents unarmed combat. It was a surprise to me how little they knew, but they were willing pupils. My best student was a wispy little New York agent who weighed about one hundred pounds. He was close to sixty and ready for retirement, but he prided himself on being an expert in whatever he undertook. This saved a man's life.

**A** FEW DAYS before, I had taught him a lip hold for getting a reluctant prisoner out of restaurant booths, automobiles, etc. My star student was riding down Broadway in a taxi with a suspected nar-



cotics peddler. At a stop light the prisoner jumped out and lay down in the middle of the street, seemingly intent on committing suicide this way. The agent leaped out amidst the whizzing cars and using the lip hold brought the man to his feet and led him to the sidewalk.

If you are going to learn unarmed combat, be sure your teacher knows what he is talking about. Some of the Armed Forces "instructors" during the war acquired their principles from books and had never applied any of them.

**I**N THE early part of World War II I was one of a large group of officers and men on temporary duty in a camp near Seattle. Since we were merely transients bound



for various corners of the world the camp authorities had to think up ideas to keep us busy. One of these was unarmed defense instruction. A shavetail on permanent station, who obviously became acquainted with each day's course by hastily reading the manual the night before, was the teacher. The privates, corporals, sergeants and officers "requested" to attend the course managed to look interested during the first three days of lectures.

On the fourth day the commanding general of the base attended the sessions. Perhaps our pedagogue was overcome with the rhetoric he had used during the previous three classes. He turned to his C.O. and after looking us over in the manner of a poultry dealer selecting a plump chicken to have its neck rung, spied me in my ill-fitting uniform and glasses, and said breathlessly, "General, may I demonstrate on him?"

"Go ahead, Joe," the General burbled—friendly-like. With just the right amount of deference and stumbling, I made my way to the lieutenant. He threw his arms around my neck as though demonstrating a different kind of proficiency with his girl on a loveseat, and asked, "What would you do if I had you like this?" As gently as possible, I showed him. Unfortunately, he landed on his head and was revived in the dispensary. The general was disgusted. **THE END**

## THE NEW

# ARMY RESERVE

## IS

# MOVING OUT!

**FALL IN, RESERVIST! FALL IN!** The Army Reserve is moving out! That's right . . . it is moving out for its annual summer field training. From now until mid-September, Mobilization-Day Units and Cadre Divisions of the *NEW* ORC will be going to camp for 15 days . . . with pay. And, you should be moving out with your outfit!

At camp the tactical problems you have studied and planned during the past year will be put to the test . . . you will learn how a modern Army operates, by serving as a part of that Army . . . you will get field experience in your specialty . . . you will develop into a more efficient citizen-soldier.

But field training is not all work. There will be lots of recreation, too . . . swimming, baseball and all the other summer sports will be available. And, there will be plenty of time for bull-sessions with your fellow Reservists.

Members of Mobilization-Day Units and Cadre Divisions have priority for the summer camps and the number of spaces is limited. So, don't delay . . . make your arrangements to attend camp now!

*Be sure to attend summer field training this year. Help your country . . . and yourself . . . by improving your efficiency as an Army Reservist.*



If you are not a member of the Army Reserve—but are interested in joining—get full details on the *new* program from your local Reserve unit, or the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station in your locality. Without obligation, you will be told how *your* training and experience can be used . . . and what opportunities may be open to you . . . under the *new* ORC program.

Listen to **SALUTE TO RESERVISTS**. For time and station consult your local newspaper.

# The Flag That Wouldn't Stay Down

(Continued from page 13)

them, 165 had to be carried. One, a kid from Ohio, unconscious, naked and wrapped in a blanket, was carried off by Erler who, with a dozen others, was helping the harassed medics. Erler also carried his own duffle bag.

On the docks men were searched. But when Erler, carrying the long unbathed kid in the stinking blanket, reached the searchers they held their noses and waved him past.

Erler remained in Fusan with the 165. Sixty-five died, were put in wooden boxes, the Buddhist priest chanted, then the box was cremated. There was no use

whispered, "When I hit you, you fall." And pulled a punch to keep the Bull from getting in haymakers.

The commander, Colonel Matusda (hanged for war crimes), big, burly and fifty, was as cold as a cobra and as dangerous.

Sergeant Erler was assigned to file blueprints in the Mukden Tool and Die Factory. He worked there all of 1943 and managed to stay out of trouble until Christmas. In the meantime many a man was put in solitary minus his clothes with snow on the ground outside. One man went insane. Three escapees were recap-

had blown a fuse. The two Jap guards were too dumb to interfere but word of the flag would percolate. So Erler wrapped it up, tied a string around it, slipped it through a hole in the floor under his bunk.

One morning Erler looked up from filing blueprints in the tool factory to find the Bull and two soldiers. They hurried him back to camp and to the office of Colonel Matusda. There the Colonel sat with his cobra face. Before him were Major Hankins, Lieutenant Hanson and the three other American officers.

On their faces Erler thought he saw anxiety. On the face of Sergeant Noda was the smile of the cat which was going to eat the canary.

"Sergeant Erler," hissed Noda, "you have an American flag."

They had him, Erler saw. "Yes," he said.

"Go get it."

Erler hesitated. What would they do with it? With his flag? His little pillow of America. If they were going to rip it up in front of him — well, hell, you're gonna die sometime. . . . But would it drag down others, too?

"Get that flag," repeated Noda.

Erler looked at Lieutenant Hanson. Hanson nodded, "Yes."

That was different. Erler found his bunk torn up, his duffle bag dumped. He grinned at the Bull, bent down, found the string and pulled up the flag. The Bull got down and peered through the hole.

Back at headquarters, Erler handed his flag not to Noda, but to his officer, Lieutenant Hanson. Hanson stepped forward rigidly to Colonel Matusda. "This is an American flag. We expect it to be treated with the proper courtesy and to be returned when we leave."

Erler wanted to cheer. But he held his breath as Noda translated. The cobra face nodded with a faraway look. Erler got it. Matusda was on a spot. He was pondering what Tojo would think of a colonel in whose camp an American flag had been waved. It was a matter for silence. Not executions.

Matusda spoke. The flag would receive courtesy due it, would be returned when the Americans left. But rations would be halved for thirty days. No cigarettes. Lights out at 9 p.m. Erler breathed deeply.

As 1944 went against the Japs, they grew meaner. But Erler stepped softly until in May when 150 prisoners including Erler were lined up to go to a lead mine in Japan. A thought occurred to Erler. He should ask for his flag. If he didn't get it now he never would. He loved that flag. It was a second home. "By God it's mine!" he said. "They won't do any more than slap me."

To Corporal Kashima he bowed low. "Sir, when they took my flag they said I could get it back when I left. Now I am leaving."

Kashima talked to the mess officer handling things, Chow Binger Charlie, the Americans called him. Kashima went off. Shortly, Erler thought he would faint. Kashima was bringing the flag!



"Name one famous athlete who eats it."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

for his flag.

Six weeks later, Erler and the remaining 100 left to rejoin the others. Late on a bitter night they reached Mukden, were hurried to old Chinese barracks by sleepy guards. And not searched!

So into his straw mattress Erler slipped Old Glory for a pillow. His head would rest on the flag — even if he lost both later.

Next morning Erler learned that of the 1325 sent first to Mukden, 263 had died from dysentery, typhoid, beri-beri, pellagra.

Steer away from senior interpreter Sergeant Noda, he was told. He was little, light-colored and could pass for a Spaniard. He was born at Berkeley, California, was educated in the University of California, spoke perfect English. He slapped somebody daily. Or hit with a saber. He'd gone to Japan when the Japs invaded China and he'd kill the whole bunch of prisoners if he could.

Different was junior interpreter Corporal Kashima, native of Hawaii and in school in Japan as war began. Captain Ishikawa (now serving a life sentence), the Bull, who couldn't speak English was always knocking someone down. Often when the Bull was on a tear Kashima

tured, tried in civil court on murder charges and executed.

Nevertheless, in December, Erler, and the rest, began stealing alcohol for Christmas, sneaking it past plant gate guards in their canteens. The alcohol was a grease remover, it was pink and it tasted like gasoline. But it had a wallop. And with hoarded corn meal mush and sugar they really put on a party.

A bunch of Englishmen and Australians captured at Singapore went through the barracks singing Christmas carols. Sailors broke out "Anchors Aweigh." Erler and his bunkie, Staff Sergeant Carl Downing of Hillsboro, Texas, began "From the Halls of Montezuma . . ."

Then Downing said, "Erler, where's your flag?"

Erler got it. Then fifteen Marines paraded singing the "Marine Corps Hymn," "God Bless America" and waving Old Glory — while two Jap guards stared.

Then the Air Corps put on a skit and used the flag as a backdrop. Finally, full of alcohol remover, most went to bed happy.

But not Major Hankins and his adjutant, big, rosy-cheeked Signal Corps Lieutenant Hanson. Erler, they figured,

"In new camp," said Kashima, "tell the commander you have a flag. It will keep you out of trouble. It could save your life."

When the detachment headed by tall, bald, handlebar-mustached Signal Corps First Sgt. Pace reached the lead mine camp in the Jap mountains above Kamioka, middle Honshu, Pace told the commander, a lieutenant, they had a flag for burials. Keep it in your quarters, Pace was told. The Americans would need it. If used otherwise, Pace would be held responsible.

They used it there. Ten times in sixteen months on men who worked eight hours a day and starved on a pound of rice.

Several times Erler figured the flag would be used for him. One starving day he stole a tiny, three-for-a-cent salted fish. They stripped him and with a pole made hamburger of his back.

Another time when he was a second late in falling in, a saber was swung at him. It sliced his shin.

Then in early 1945 when his 170 pounds had skeletonized to 108, he stole a potato. Erler thought death would be kind as they branded him with glowing charcoal on his left buttock.

On August 15, 1945 there was strangely no tinko, roll call. The guards were drunk, the skeletons decided. Soon they would come and beat them. But mid-morning the civilian interpreter called Pace to headquarters where the lieutenant said, "It is now time for the Americans to go home."



"I think it had a convulsion."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Pace went back to the barracks, and a moderate hell that the skeletons could raise broke loose. "Run the Japs off," they told Pace, "We've won." Pace got the warehouse keys, and ordered the Japs off.

Shortly, starved men were eating. Then they ran down the flag of the rising sun and ran up Erler's. And screamed!

On September 8, when they were stronger, they took that flag down. Pace formed them in a column of fours and

down the mountain they went, Erler's flag up front. Erler wasn't carrying it. He was too weak. But he was part of the color guard.

Down in Kamioka came a Yokohama train. They took it over.

When they rolled in Yokohama station they heard sounds from the world they once had known. It was a band. An American band. It was playing "Happy Days Are Here Again." It was playing for them!

There was a stand and high brass, so Pace threw them into a column, the flag in front. Hobbling skeletons straightened up, put painful pep into joints thick from beri-beri and marched by General Eichelberger who reviewed them, Pace taking the salute.

Then the General came to the color guard: "Where-did-you-get-that-flag?" Erler told him, adding it had buried 25 men. "Son, you've got something to be proud of!" the General marveled.

Erler thought so, too. He thought so much of it he wanted it to be preserved. So two years ago he gave it to the Dallas Historical Society for keeping in its museum, one of those things best described by British General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley:

"A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,

It doesn't look likely to stir a man's soul;

'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag.

When that pole was a staff and the rag was a flag."

THE END

## THEN and NOW with AMMENS

by Dik Browne



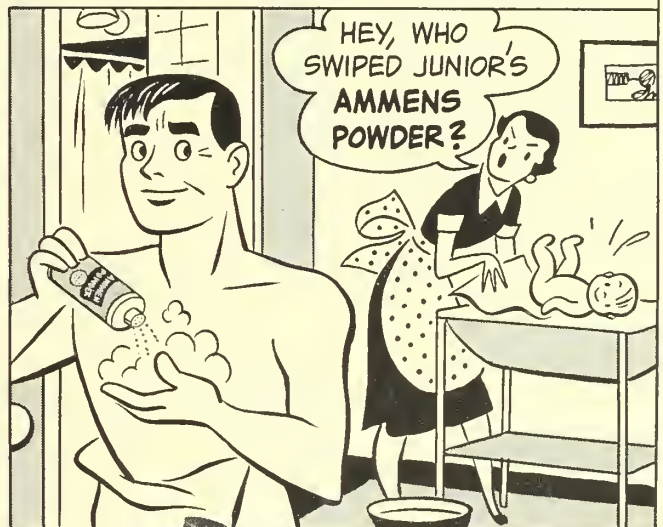
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# Lieutenant Ryan's Incredible War

(Continued from page 19)

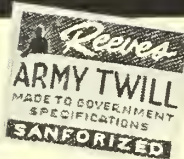


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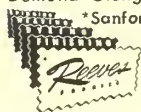
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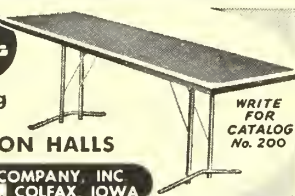
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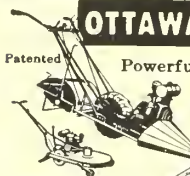


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he said, skidding the jeep around and sending it bouncing down the right-hand road.

HOUFFALIZE turned out to be a very small and very crowded Belgian village, apparently inhabited entirely by American soldiers. It should be a simple matter, Ryan thought, to find someone who knew where Division Ordnance and its hoard of machine-guns were located. By dark that evening he was beginning to change his mind. Half the soldiers in the town had never even heard of Ryan's division, the other half knew exactly where the Division Ordnance was. The only trouble was that no two of them gave the same instructions. By the time it started to get dark Lieutenant Ryan was an expert on all the muddy narrow side roads for a distance of twenty miles around Houffalize.

Their latest set of directions had led them to a ration dump, which seemed to be a good place to call it a day.

"If we can't find it in daylight," Ryan remarked to Bonelli, "I guess there's no use looking for it at night. These guys ought to be able to spare us some of this food."

The sergeant and two men who ran the dump were feeling lonesome and neglected. While Ryan and Bonelli listened sympathetically to their troubles they were rewarded with the best meal either of them had had since reaching Europe. In the middle of it they were interrupted by a heavy rolling sound in the distance. The sergeant listened, frowning.

"What's that?" he asked Ryan nervously.

"That? Oh, just a little artillery."

The noise faded, then rose again. "Sounds pretty heavy," the sergeant said doubtfully.

As a veteran of a full day's service with a front-line regiment, Ryan felt that his experience was being questioned.

"That's just the regular evening barrage," he said firmly. "They always start about this time—keeps the Jerries from going to sleep."

The sergeant seemed satisfied, and after a while the noise faded.

The next morning, after a magnificent breakfast that included the best items of the ration for an entire company, Bonelli had a suggestion.

"Look, Lieutenant, we been all over this place like a rug. No Division Ordnance. If we stick around any longer the M.P.'s are gonna grab us. Why don't we go back to our outfit and ask somebody?"

"But the colonel," Ryan protested. "If he sees me without those guns..."

"Sure, sure. But is he the only guy in the whole division who knows where this dizzy outfit we're after is? We don't have to ask him, do we?"

Ryan considered. It was the sensible thing to do, all right.

"Okay. Let's go."

AS THEY bumped down the road from the ration dump they heard the sound of firing in the distance again. It sounded louder than it had the evening before.

"Something's going on up there, Lieutenant," Bonelli said. Ryan didn't answer. Maybe the division is attacking, he thought. In that case, they won't want those heavy machine-guns after all. He felt much better—until he remembered Colonel Harley. He shook his head and slumped back against the seat. He had a strong feeling that when the colonel wanted something done, it had better be done—even if the war ended in the meantime. Lieutenant Ryan fingered the gold bar on his collar uneasily.

They reached the main road and started to turn east. An outraged squawk from the M.P. in the middle of the crossroad made Bonelli slam on the brakes.

"Here comes trouble," he muttered.

## IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Ryan looked at the M.P. nervously and waited.

"Whatsa matter with you jerks?" screamed the M.P. "Doncha know no better than go down this road? Git out here!"

Ryan nudged Bonelli. "Keep going down the road we were on. No use having trouble with him."

The jeep crossed the main road and went on. When Ryan glanced back the M.P. was standing with his hands on his hips, glaring after them.

"What you suppose was eating him?" Bonelli asked.

"I guess that's one of those Red Ball

asphalt highway, dotted with patches of snow.

"There it is," Ryan said. "I thought it should be about here."

Bonelli glanced at him skeptically but said nothing. They reached the road and continued east.

"Shouldn't be far now," Ryan said.

"Funny," Bonelli remarked, "but I don't seem to remember this stretch of road on our way in."

Ryan shrugged. "Neither do I, but no wonder—we've only been over it once."

They were going through a narrow valley, and after a few minutes they could see a group of snow-covered roofs ahead.

"Now we can find out where we are," Ryan said easily. "There's sure to be somebody in that town. Step on it, Bonelli."

THEY RACED along the road and into the village. A group of soldiers standing beside the narrow street turned and looked around. Ryan glanced at them, and then frantically dug his elbow into the driver's ribs.

"Bonelli!" he whispered.

But Bonelli had seen them too, and was already jamming down on the brake pedal.

"These guys are all Jerries!" he gasped.

Lieutenant Ryan began fumbling for the carbine on the floor at his feet, then thought better of it. There were at least a hundred men in sight now, along the street, and everyone seemed to have a rifle or a machine-pistol slung over his shoulder.

"What'll we do?" Bonelli whispered. Ryan shook his head. He was waiting tensely for a yell of recognition, a sudden blast of gunfire. But nothing happened.

The Germans continued to stand around in little groups, and to walk casually back and forth across the street. One even came directly toward the jeep, glanced at Ryan, smiled, and went on. Ryan stared after him with amazement.

"What gives?" Bonelli asked. "Are these guys nuts?"

"It beats me," Ryan said slowly. "They surely must have recognized us by now."

Then suddenly the answer dawned on him. "I know what it is," he said excitedly. "They think we've surrendered. They don't bother us because they think we're prisoners."

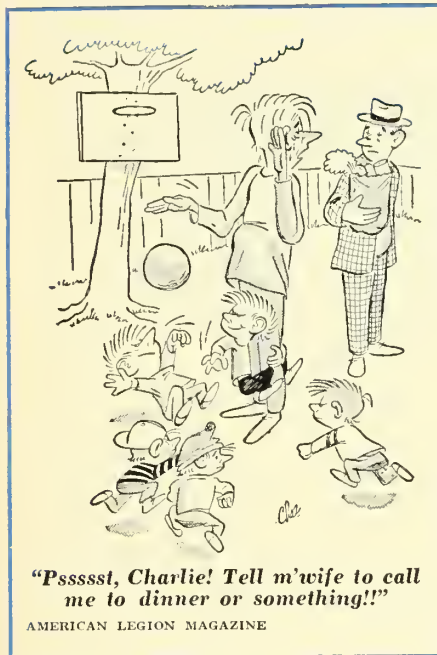
"They ain't far wrong," Bonelli remarked gloomily. "What'll we do now?"

"Well, we can't turn around—the street's too narrow and anyway they'd catch us before we got away. Let's keep going. After we get out of here maybe we can find another road and sneak back."

Bonelli nodded and started the jeep moving. A few of the Germans grinned at them as they passed, but no one tried to stop them.

"I still think these guys are nuts," Bonelli muttered. "They act like we're old friends or something."

Lieutenant Ryan was beginning to think the same thing, but he decided not to say so. They were near the far end of the village now, and a few minutes later the last house was behind them. Ryan discovered he had been holding his breath.



"Psssst, Charlie! Tell m'wife to call me to dinner or something!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

highways you hear about. They only let traffic go one way, so they can make better time. The thing for us to do is find another road going that way."

After fifteen minutes they came to a second crossroads. There was no M.P. in sight.

"This ought to do it," Ryan said. "It's only another dirt road, but it goes in the right direction."

The road was deep in fresh mud, showing that heavy traffic had used it recently, but now it was deserted. It ran through open, snow-covered fields, then into thick woods, and finally began twisting and rising over a series of steep hills.

"We must have come far enough," Ryan said at last. "Take the next road to your right and get back on the highway."

But the road was winding deeper into the mountains, and side roads didn't exist. It was nearly an hour before they spotted a narrow trail turning off in the right direction.

"I don't know if we can get through there," Bonelli said.

"Well, try it. We've got to get back to that main road somehow."

Overhanging branches scraped their helmets as the jeep bumped over roots and squeezed between tree trunks. The trail seemed ready to disappear at any minute, but somehow it kept going. Finally, coming to the top of a small ridge, they looked down at the dark line of an

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“We made it. Now find a side road, quick.”

It was too late. As they came around a curve a squad of soldiers appeared on the road in front of them. Bonelli jerked the jeep to a stop as the leader walked toward them, holding a dangerous-looking machine-pistol in his hands.

“I guess they got us, Bonelli,” Ryan said. He held his hands in the air and waited.

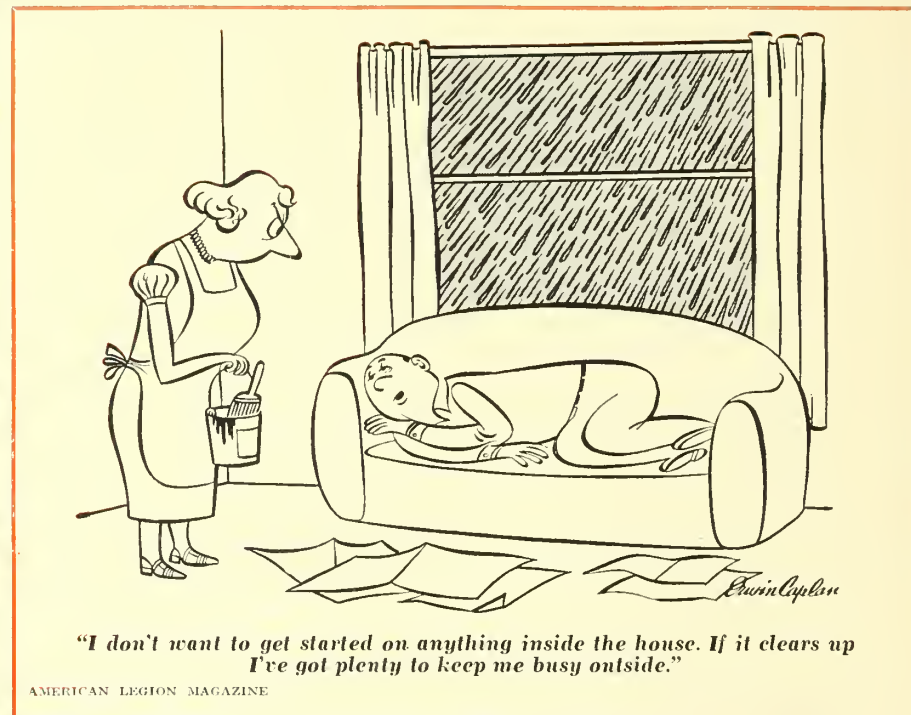
The German came up to the jeep and stopped. He was short and dark, with small black eyes that peered out from under the brim of his helmet. He stared

gun on that thing. I'd hate to tangle with one of those.”

**S**HORTLY afterward they reached a large farmhouse. Several trucks were parked at one side, and there seemed to be a lot of activity going on.

“This must be it,” Ryan said. “We’d better stop—we wouldn’t have a snowball’s chance if we tried to get away now.”

They pulled off the road and got out, stumbling over a web of variously-colored wires which led to the farmhouse. It didn’t occur to either of them that such a network of telephone lines would hardly be



at the two men in the jeep a moment, and then burst out laughing. As Ryan and Bonelli looked at him with their mouths open, he called something in German to the rest of his squad and they too began laughing.

He turned back and said something to Ryan. All Ryan could understand of it were the words “sehr gut.” Not knowing what else to do, he nodded hopefully. The German said something else, and waited.

He’s probably telling us to go to the P.W. camp, Ryan thought. Out of the basic German he had been taught on the troop transport he managed to remember two words.

“Wo ist?” he said.

The soldier seemed puzzled a moment, then turned and pointed down the road.

“Okay, Bonelli,” Ryan said. “I guess the prisoner of war stockade is down here. He wants us to go this way, anyhow.”

As they passed the squad of soldiers several of them waved, Ryan shook his head. This was the damndest way of handling prisoners he’d ever heard of. Why, they hadn’t even taken his carbine away.

Along the road they passed several groups of soldiers plodding along through the mud, and at one point they had to go into a field to get around a huge tank.

“Brother!” Bonelli said. “Look at the

strung into a prisoner of war enclosure.

Glancing around, Ryan saw two German officers walking toward them. He looked curiously at the insignia on the shoulder straps of their long overcoats and wished he had paid more attention to the lectures on enemy uniforms back in the States. The younger one, he decided, was a captain; but the other, a tall thin man with an arrogant expression, wore an insignia that Ryan couldn’t recognize.

“Don’t tell them anything,” he cautioned Bonelli. “Name, rank and serial number—that’s all.”

The younger officer snapped something in German at Ryan. He shook his head. “Sorry—I can’t speak German.”

The officer looked surprised. Then he smiled and said. “Very well, we will speak English.” He talked with a British accent. The other officer muttered something. The German captain listened and then turned to Ryan.

“The general wants to know why you must speak English back here.”

“It’s the only language I know.” So the officer was a general! They must think he was an important prisoner, to have a general question him.

The captain relayed Ryan’s answer. The general looked at him and nodded approvingly.

"The general says he is not personally familiar with your unit, but you have been well trained."

Ryan's eyes widened.

"Tell me," the captain asked, "how does it happen that you are back here?"

Ryan shrugged. "We got captured," he said. Of all the stupid questions. But he wasn't prepared for the shot of laughter. "Ho! Ho!" The German captain roared. "Captured! You fellows are priceless!" The general asked a question, and then he too started laughing.

"I tell you, Lieutenant," Bonelli said in a low voice, "they're all nuts. Or drunk. I heard the Jerries got stinkin' before they fight."

The captain turned back to Ryan. "The general says," he repeated, "that he apologizes for the speed of his advance." He began laughing again. Ryan and Bonelli stared at each other, and then at the two German officers.

When he had stopped laughing, the captain said, "I suppose you wish to get back to the American lines as soon as possible?"

Ryan nodded, too stunned to say anything.

"Very well. Two miles down this road there is another one leading north. That is your best chance—the Americans in that sector are in a state of complete confusion. You should have no trouble in getting through."

**H**E STEPPED back, as though waiting for Ryan to leave. Ryan looked at Bonelli, and then shrugged and turned to the jeep. If they wanted to let him get away . . .

Just then the general called something, and Ryan turned. The general was advancing upon him holding a handful of mud. Ryan recoiled slightly, and then stood motionless as the general carefully rubbed the mud over his clean uniform. After stepping back to admire the results, the general suddenly seized Ryan's helmet, banged it against a rock several times and then returned it to him.

"The general says," translated the captain, "that your equipment looks much too new." The two officers walked away, as Ryan and Bonelli watched them in stunned silence.

"You think it's a trap?" Bonelli asked finally. "You think they really mean it?"

Lieutenant Ryan wiped some mud off his sleeve and looked at Bonelli.

"This outfit," he said firmly, "is crazier than an army of bedbugs, up to and including the general. I think they really mean it. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if they offered to fly us back to the States for Christmas. Let's get out of here before they make me a colonel in a Panzer division."

**T**HEY FOUND the road without any trouble. At first the fields on both sides were filled with men and machines, but after awhile these were behind them and the road was deserted. They came to a small village, apparently inhabited only by a German tank and its crew. In the tiny square at the center of the village were piled heaps of weapons and ammunition.

"Hey, look," Bonelli said, "that's all

American stuff. Guess they captured it, huh?"

Ryan glanced idly at the scattered piles of rifles, mortar shells, boxes of grenades and other items. Suddenly he straightened up.

"Stop the jeep, Bonelli!"

He jumped out and ran across the square. Sure enough, the round black cylinders he had spotted were the water-jackets of heavy machine-guns. Beside them was a pile of tripods and cradles. He waved to Bonelli.

"Back up here and help me load this stuff."

A few idlers from the German tank outfit gathered around. One of them stepped forward and jabbered at Ryan, who was beyond caring what the man had to say. Ryan nodded at him and the man began helping Bonelli put the weapons aboard.

They managed to get eight complete guns in the back of the jeep. The Nazi tank soldier backed off politely and Ryan returned his salute.

"It's a pretty heavy load, Lieutenant," Bonelli said shaking his head.

"Maybe it's a load on the jeep, but it's a load off my mind. I'd rather stay here in this madhouse than go back to that colonel without his guns. And now we've got them."

**T**HE ROAD wound through quiet wooded country for several miles and then crossed a narrow bridge. As they started over the bridge a bullet ripped past them, and Ryan could make out a log barricade across the road in the shade of the trees.

"Hey, cut that out!" he yelled.

An American voice answered him. "Come across slowly, and keep your hands up."

Ryan lifted his hands and Bonelli sent the jeep creeping across the bridge. They reached the barricade and stopped. An American first lieutenant, followed by three men, appeared. He needed a shave and there were dark hollows under his eyes.

"Keep your hands up, both of you," he snapped. "You're lucky we didn't shoot you on sight."

Ryan chuckled. "I suppose you think we're Germans," he said.

The lieutenant didn't smile back. "You're damn right I do," he said shortly.

Ryan took a deep breath. "I quit," he said. "I absolutely give up. It's bad enough when the whole German army goes nuts, but now you guys . . ." He shook his head.

It was Bonelli who saved the day.

"Listen," he said, "if any of you jerks come from Boston, lemme talk to you. I'll show you who's an American."

The lieutenant hesitated a moment, then turned and called, "Hey Regan!"

A short, red-faced soldier came from behind the barricade.

"This guy says he's from Boston." The lieutenant jerked a thumb at Bonelli.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," snapped Bonelli. "And I didn't spend my whole life on Scollay Square, neither."

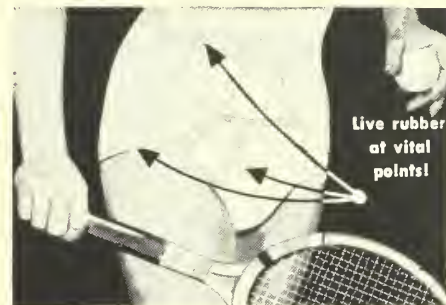
The red-faced soldier's expression brightened and he moved closer. It was a long conversation, and both Ryan and

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the harassed-looking lieutenant followed it with interest. It turned out that each of them had been in a fight in the same bar in Boston, and there was a possibility that it had been the same fight.

"Okay, okay," broke in the lieutenant, as Bonelli was trying to remember if it was the time he was home on furlough or the time he went AWOL, "never mind the details. You think this guy's really from Boston, Regan?"

"If he ain't, then my old man never heard of Saint Patrick."

The lieutenant sighed. "Okay, you two. Get out of here and quit bothering us."

After a corner of the barricade had been moved the jeep was able to get past. Bonelli was muttering to himself.

"What's that?" Ryan asked.

"Can you feature that lieutenant thinkin' I was a Kraut? He must be slap happy."

"If he is, he's got plenty of company. I don't feel too sane myself."

The next unit they met directed them to their regimental C.P. It was in a different farmhouse than it had been the day before. Colonel Harley seemed to have difficulty recognizing Ryan.

"You sent me to Division Ordnance, sir."

"Oh, that was you, was it?" He glowered at Ryan. "Well, there's nothing we can do about it now. Report to Major Small."

"The guns are out in the jeep, sir. Where do you want me to unload?"

"What!" Colonel Harley was plainly surprised. "You got the guns? But Division Ordnance was captured!" He broke off and strode to the window. The back seat of the jeep was unmistakably full of heavy machine guns.

The colonel swung back to Ryan.

"Have much trouble getting them, lieutenant?" he asked, with a strange look on his face.

Ryan couldn't answer for a moment, because he was just beginning to get it. Ordnance captured . . . Germans think you're Germans . . . Americans think you're Germans . . . "You are well trained to speak only English." . . . Rub mud on that uniform, looks too new.

"I said, did you have much trouble getting the guns?"

But Ryan, though scarcely the most brilliant American officer, had it now. Germans in American uniforms!

"Plenty of trouble," Ryan snapped. "Had to break through the lines and take 'em by force, sir!"

The colonel's jaw dropped.

"Alone?"

"No sir. Corporal Bonelli, your new driver, was half the team. Couldn't have made out without him. Good man, Bonelli, sir!"

"Well I'll be damned," the colonel muttered. "Message to Garcia right in my own outfit. Lieutenant, what's left of our regiment is ordered to back up if we can and help the 101st Airborne hold out at Bastogne. Those guns will be a God-send and if we have more men like you and Bonelli, that'll be a God-send too."

Fortunately the colonel and the general at Bastogne had a lot of men even better than Ryan and Bonelli. Many of them were lost, but those who were left held out.

THE END

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4. "Okay," mutters this one, "if he won't dim his lights, I won't dim mine"



5. The worrier, who rides the center line trying to decide where he should go



6. Nonchalantly this fellow tangles himself in the wheel. Fine in emergencies



7. He's just had a few snorts and doesn't know whether he's driving or flying



8. Everything bothers this mad motorist and he lets the world know about it

# I Signed Draft Deferments for 52,000 Men

(Continued from page 15)

laboratory which he might have been running. We actually picked up Ph.D.'s—priceless gems for atomic research—pounding typewriters somewhere on work which could have been accomplished by a bright girl.

Now, don't misunderstand me.

It was good for these men to be taught how to make their own beds or to aim a rifle, and just between us, I don't see why some of these Phi Beta Kappas had never before learned to shine their shoes or get a haircut.

Army service was good for them, and their wives have told me so. *But it was not good for the country.*

It represented a waste, not of mere money: America can always make money. It represented a waste of talent and time—and talent and time is blood in modern war.

I often hear people say "Two billion dollars built the bomb." That isn't so. Money can't buy atomic bombs. If that were true, every country in the world, large and small, would have atomic bombs—some bought with American dollars.

Or they say, "Well, we had the brains—boy, what smart babies these scientific wizards must be!"

That also is untrue. Because, although the scientists gave us the formulas, it really took people to build the bomb—the greatest team of Americans ever assembled in one single production undertaking—500,000 strong, from laborers to Nobel Prize winners.

I believe the real formula was getting the right people in the right amount in the right place at the right time.

But I am ahead of my story. Let's go back to Private Levine at Upton. In July, 1943, he didn't know a fast neutron from a fig newton, his feet hurt, and he had only one wish: to get his shipping orders and know where he was going.

The orders came—and they read "New York City."

It seems Selective Service Headquarters had sent through a requisition for an enlisted man who knew something about the draft system. By that definition they could have picked ten million men, but they picked me probably because I was the only former draft board member at Upton who was a private.

So I reported to an office on Fifth Avenue and found myself judging occupational deferments.

There I sat on a hot Saturday afternoon in June, 1943 in midtown New York. I was holding down the office with everyone else away for the weekend, when an Army captain and two civilians came in, panting.

They said they simply had to have a fast deferment in an important case.

The captain was R. W. Pulliam and the civilians were from a construction firm in Boston. They explained a Tennessee draft board had just ordered the induction of a skilled laborer for a draft board in Queens, New York. The trio said they just had to have the induction order cancelled, it was really essential.

"Is that so?" I asked. "What's the man building?"

"He is working on a water tower on a project near Knoxville, Tennessee. . . . They call it Oak Ridge," they said.

I was not impressed. I asked for more details, but details were scarce.

However, the demeanor of Captain Pulliam so impressed me that I called the draft board and cancelled the induction.

On Monday, I was summarily requested to appear before my C.O. on this case. I expected to "catch it." But that morning the C.O. had received a special message from Washington to defer this man.

That was the first of the 52,000.

A week later the same Captain Pulliam



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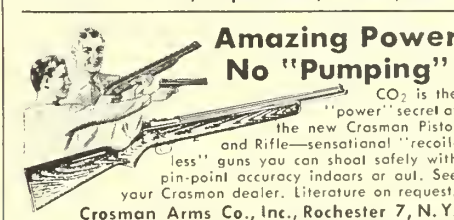
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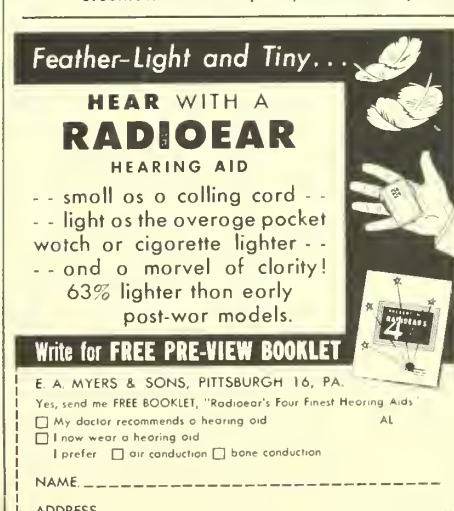
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**Gee, I don't know if it's good tooth paste or not. I'm new here."**

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

—he was an engineer with what they called the Manhattan District — got in touch with me again. This time he had a very odd case to present. There was a firm of German machinists in New York who did very fine work. They were filling a contract for the University of California. "That job must be filled without fail," Captain Pulliam said, and one of their machinists had to be deferred.

It puzzled me that a New York engineer was so hot to see that professors in California should get equipment. The name "Berkeley" didn't mean anything to me. I thought a cyclotron was the one-wheel bicycle that stunt riders use in the circus.

This man working for the German firm must be deferred, Captain Pulliam went on, but I was not to tell the employer that the Manhattan Project had asked for the deferment. For various reasons the firm was suspected and it was deemed advisable not to give them any inkling or information.

So, this was done, and the firm had no occasion to know what it was all about. (And they won't recognize themselves here, either, if they should happen to read this article.)

So it started. I became a corporal. The next thing I knew I was snatched inside the atomic curtain. Secret orders from Washington, for Corporal Levine.

They came so suddenly that my C.O. protested and secured permission for me to work half a day for him and half a day for the engineers. So, I had two C.Os. But things were tough all over. (My barracks at this time was a comfortable brick building—the Park Central Hotel. My basic training was being given me at the Armory at 34th Street and Park Avenue.)

On entering service for the Manhattan District, a Major Devereaux gave me a pep talk. It was sincere, but highly similar to thousands of others given to other men and companies.

He said the mission of my outfit was all-important to the conduct of the war.

He said that it was probably the most important non-combat project of the en-

tire war and he emphasized secrecy. I thought, beyond any reasonable need. I decided to keep my mouth closed. Since he didn't tell me what it was, that made it easy.

He wound up by saying this project might not only win the war, but would probably revolutionize all mankind's way of life. At that point I thought he had gone a bit too far. What would you have thought? Sure, it takes all kinds of officers to run an army.

A week later I was "cleared." In the latter part of July, 1943 I moved to Oak Ridge alongside of about 80,000 construction workers, and I was impressed. It must have looked so to the Pharaohs when they were building the Pyramids, except that the Pharaohs could take their time.

Immediately, Captain Pulliam and our office were plunged into a ticklish skirmish in Selective Service. We had about 1500 Negro laborers to defer for a temporary period of time. And they were not skilled workers. This was Tennessee and the folks near Happy Valley, as it was called, could not possibly understand how some of these men who couldn't read and write could be so vital to the war. But with the help of Tennessee State Headquarters we were able to keep these men on to complete their job.

In September, 1943 the allotment system was set up and 3A classifications were no longer an invulnerable refuge against the draft.

It was at this point that Selective Service became one of the major problems of the atomic bomb project, especially so when we remember that it was a young man's job, requiring the brains of recent college graduates in physics, chemistry, engineering and certain other fields.

All the best theoretical work in science is done by keen kids fresh out of school. Einstein was twenty-four when he gave his theory of relativity to the world.

When a coatless, tieless, youngster came into my office at Oak Ridge, I called him "Doctor" without any hesitation. He might have been a messenger boy, but then again he could have been the latest brain

from M.I.T. That was funny at Oak Ridge, but it was murder to explain it to draft boards over the country.

In October of 1943 they began drafting fathers. That was a personal crisis in a million families and it was a major crisis for the atomic project. We had some 20,000 men in danger of leaving the work at its most crucial period. Our telephone was jumping with calls from all parts of the country. Short of giving out the secret so that draft boards would know the score, we didn't know what to do.

I might say that I had no real inkling of what it was really about until about that time, when across my desk came an application for a deferment for a scientific worker employed at a university in St. Louis who had spelled out that he was working with PU-239 made by a cyclotron.

PU-239 did not mean plutonium to me, so I forwarded it on to General Groves' office in Washington. Back came a sizzling telephone call with instructions to take a razor and cut the offending words right out of the application! I did so and that night went to the library, where I made myself a little wiser, but not so much that I would have become a military prize for the enemy.

Then came a call from the General Electric Company telling us that one of their sub-contractors in Indiana was in severe draft trouble. G.E. had told them that some equipment was vital for a job they were doing for us. "If it is so vital," they said "get Selective Service Headquarters off our backs; we are losing our key men, forty at a time."

Sergeant Levine telephoned Indiana's State Selective Service Headquarters and spoke to the colonel in charge. I told him this was really vital. He was not impressed, and I presume he would have been less impressed if I had identified myself as a sergeant, so I just neglected to mention my rank.

I got in touch with the regional draft chief at Chicago, also the National Headquarters at Washington. General Hershey, incidentally, did not seem during the entire war to be in on the secret of the project.

Anyway, I flew in civilian clothes to Indianapolis the next day and we had a meeting with the tool and die company officials and the State and Regional Draft Chiefs. We got along fine, especially after I exhibited the "Stimson Letter," which I was permitted to carry that day and which evidently turned the tide as it did in many other cases to follow. This was a letter which did not give away the nature of the project, except to say that it was critically important. It never failed.

That night I told the colonel who was the State Director that beneath my tweeds there were only Sergeant's chevrons, but he only smiled, and we went out to watch a wrestling match. I wound up at a bar with the Regional Director from Chicago and our friendship continued for the duration of the war, much to the help of the project.

It was interesting work, but I thought then, and I still think, that it was a harum-scarum way to manage mobilization in war time.



Another incident which opened my eyes to the facts involved was the case of the DuPont organization, which had transferred many of its key people from all over the country out to a deserted country near Pasco, in the state of Washington. They now call it Hanford, and its product will revolutionize all mankind's way of living.

But in December of 1943 DuPont couldn't get deferments for men needed to work out there and so I flew to Wilmington for a conference with some dozen DuPont officials.

They had done their best up to that

passing on our deferments in a manner that any other Selective Service official would do, only that we were judging each case on secret information in our possession.

With good relations established, we had a practical treaty with the Selective Service officials interested in our deferments. In other words, we were virtually functioning as a 49th Selective Service State, so far as our atomic personnel were concerned.

Our agreement extended so far that I was permitted to join with the Oak Ridge Appeal Board at their regular meetings on cases originating from the project.

It worked. Then I went to Hanford and made a similar unofficial treaty with the director of the state of Washington and subsequently in New Mexico. You will remember that a man who was marked for induction by his home draft board, no matter where he went to work in the war effort, had his appeal on occupational grounds considered by the Appeal Board in the state where he worked. For practical purposes, our atomic workers had their cases decided by the local Appeal Boards near the atomic installations, who in turn looked to us for guidance and advice. In the true sense of the word our deferments were granted on faith and confidence, and the secret of the project was maintained by American intelligence and American action.

But our troubles were never over.

From our own ranks came one tough case. We had a special bomb material center in Oak Ridge under construction, and it had to be in production the minute it was finished. They trained their men months in advance. Construction and theory were racing each other to see which one would be finished first and in the end it developed that the trained man had a period with nothing to do before the plant was finished.

To their credit, I think, some of them complained that they were deferred and held out of the Army, yet they apparently were not going to do any really useful work. They complained to Washington, and it was tough for our office to tell them how important their work really was.

But we sold them. They stayed and participated in the triumph we all felt when the project was successful.

A more troublesome case involved a general who headed Selective Service in a mid-western state.

He noticed that a certain bright young man had first been deferred for key work at Columbia University (where they first proved in this country that a chain reaction was possible.) Then, the young man was deferred for work at the University of Chicago (where they brought in the first chain reaction.)

When a third request for a deferment came in for the same bright young man from the desert of New Mexico, this general blew his valves. This young man was too blasted smart, the general decided. He must be a draft dodger of the first order to be able to get away with it twice and now try a third time from some forsaken spot in the desert.

It was my painful task to telephone the general—from Tennessee—and say that



point by flying men all over the country to argue with draft boards. They followed the law explicitly, but it seemed like an almost impossible task. They were on the verge of losing key men. But our hands seemed tied, because our tongues were tied! From ideas germinated at that conference we worked out the invention which saved the day for us and probably saved the best-kept secret of this war.

We called it the "49th State."

In Tennessee we had spent many patient hours with the local Appeal Board of the draft system and they were really sympathetic to us. To Judge Hamilton Burnett and his colleagues in Knoxville, Tennessee, the members of the Local Appeal Board, we owed a great deal. We first took them on a Cook's Tour of our plants—that is, they saw the outside of the huge atomic buildings. They knew what the whole countryside knew—that carloads of materials went into Oak Ridge, but no product was ever shipped out, but on the tour they could see that lots of material had come in and had been put into some huge buildings.

We then showed them that we made careful periodic surveys of the manpower requirements of our plants and that we were releasing as many men as possible who could be replaced by women.

We then showed them that we had set up our office on the pattern of a Selective Service Headquarters and that we were

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this young boy was vitally needed in New Mexico (where they were developing the bomb assembly.) The General demanded to know all about me and when he found I was a sergeant he declared, By Jupiter, he was going to investigate me through Washington. He took my serial number and told me that he was going to look into not only this case but the whole draft dodging project. He said he was going to find out all about it!

He found out about it only on August 6, 1945, when the President said "The force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East."

The greatest scare that the secret would leak out through our manpower problem came from the most unexpected source.

I find no fault for the most part with Congressional committees, which perform an important function in our government. But a Congressional investigator almost pulled the biggest boner of the project.

Without revealing his true identity, he walked into the employment office of one of the construction firms at Oak Ridge. He applied for a job and in the processing stage was ushered into the main office of the contractor. What he was after was not a job but some data on our deferments — he had heard rumors of draft dodging.

We never learned just how he did it, but he swiped a list of men who were deferred for that one contractor, and then he departed. A few days later, the results of his handiwork appeared as a 'scoop' in one of the Chicago newspapers.

There it was in bold type — a story of a large project in Tennessee which obtained thousands of deferments without any apparent justification. At the height of the war, such a charge was headline news, and it was nearly fatal to the secrecy we had worked so hard to keep.

It seemed as if the heavens opened up. Most of us were hastily summoned to Washington. Some explanation had to be given to Congress and also to our press and radio. We thought the jig was up.

Here General Groves was masterly. Under his gifted leadership we succeeded in pointing out to the Congressional committee the reasons for the deferments and with the aid of voluntary censorship further publicity was stopped.

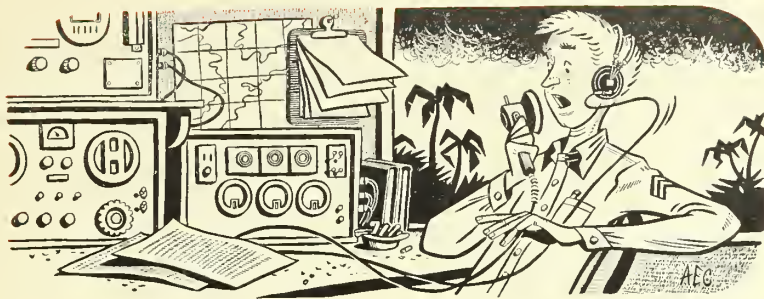
So the secret was kept, and the bomb was built, and now it is all a part of history.

The decisions we make now about mobilization for the next war will be all-important in deciding the future.

You can see that every deferment case was a problem in itself. I believe that was right, and in the long run we operated within the spirit and the letter of the Selective Service Law. Any of the six thousand or more of the local boards in the United States could — within their legal right — have blasted the secrecy of the entire Manhattan Project if they had pressed the issue on any one of the 52,000 deferments.

They didn't. They had faith in the essential democracy of the draft system, and they also represented the intelligence of which average Americans are capable when they talk things over together. In this lies our strength.

THE END



## Return Flight

*A year later, the plane called  
for landing instructions*

Late one evening in February of 1945, a four-engined cargo aircraft roared down the runway at Jorhat, India, and staggered into the air. The pulsating din of the mighty engines diminished as the ship disappeared into the mists of the night. It disappeared into the night of eternity. It disappeared forever.

It was only a routine trip over the hump that ship number 2000 was making when it took off from Jorhat. The six AAF bases in the Assam Valley were hard-pressed to keep alive a strangled China. Many planes flew the hump then. And many planes were never heard from again.

When number 2000 did not show up on schedule, the usual search — not too prolonged — was made. But nothing was found. And neither was this very strange. The wide rugged mountains over which the planes flew were filled with mammoth valleys, chasms, gushing rivers and thousands of miles of uncharted brush. After a few days number 2000 was given up for lost. And there the story should have ended. . . .

On a bitter cold night in February, 1946 — one year later — Dave McAlduff was yawning at the control tower. He turned slowly the pages of a magazine, knowing the shroud of fog outside would leave him little to do. No aircraft could land or take off in that kind of weather.

The magazine had been laid aside, and McAlduff was counting his discharge points, when suddenly, the silence of the heavy air inside the control tower shack was broken. There came a discordant hum of the radios and a faint, indistinct voice trying to make itself heard through the static.

McAlduff rushed to the radio and began trying desperately to estab-

lish contact with the sender. He wondered who it might be that could be attempting to bring a plane in on a night like this. And from where did the plane come?

Then quite clearly and distinctly the voice came through: "This is number 2000 calling Jorhat. Landing instructions, please. Gas running low. Can't find your lights."

Now of all the men at the base, Dave McAlduff was least likely to be subject to illusions or miracles. He had seen planes come and go for years, and was a hardened realist; planes down over the hump, he knew from experience, just didn't come back. Then he heard the voice come through again; much more urgently now.

"This is number 2000 calling. Landing instructions, please. I can't stay up here forever."

And then the voice faded out and that was the last McAlduff ever heard of the phantom ship 2000. Try as he might, he could not again establish contact with the strange voice from the past.

Had it not been for the officer in the air traffic control, McAlduff's report might have been written off as a crazy pipe dream. But he had been listening on the tower frequency and verified McAlduff's story.

And there, for all human knowledge, the story does end. The lowering of discharge points was more important than the vague, distressed call of a ship that had long ago been given up for lost. A few weeks later, McAlduff and the field's personnel left for home.

So that's the story. No happy ending. No explanations. But I'm just wondering — when the mists are swirling over the tower at Jorhat some cold night, will there be a call from ship number 2000 — to a tower that is now deserted?

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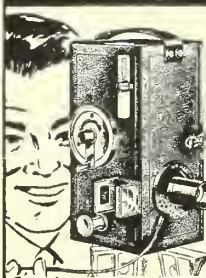
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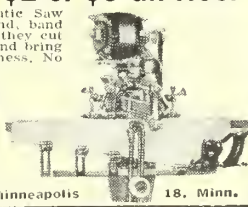
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## How Do You Really Look To Others?

(Continued from page 23)

No. 4—Belief. If he says, "You ought to be thankful you've got a job," check Mental Level No. 1—Closed Mind.

When a sailor on leave whispers into his sweetheart's ear as they sit in a moon-drenched rowboat in Central Park, and she says, "Yes," check No. 4. If she says, "Maybe," check No. 3. If she says "I hardly know you," check No. 2. If she slaps his face and says "Nuts" check No. 1 and tell the sailor to "weigh anchor."

In fact, you can find out in a hurry what almost anyone thinks of you just by asking him to give you a little bit of his time. Just call him up and tell him you'd like to see him for ten or fifteen minutes. If he says, "Sure, come on over," you've got his belief. If he says, "What did you want to see me about?" and you tell him briefly and he says "Sure, be glad to see you," you've got his confidence. If he says, "Why don't you write me a letter?" he's just open-minded. And if he says, "I'm all tied up. I haven't got a minute to see anybody!" believe me, he's closed-minded in relation to you.

## How To Improve People's Opinions of You

Closed-minded people are the ones who worry us most. So let's see how we go about opening closed minds, gaining their confidence, and finally winning their belief.

Whenever we encounter a person whose mind is so closed toward us that he won't even see us or read what we send him, our best bet is to try to reach him through a mutual friend. Every good salesman knows this.

All you have to do is to remember how you landed your present job or recall the most-satisfactory-in-the-long-run dates you've had, the person you've married, the sales you've made, the clubs you belong to, or any kind of successful relations with others, and you'll find in nearly every case, that you were introduced and sponsored by someone who had confidence or belief in you.

I believe in this practice of sponsorship so strongly that I use it invariably unless the person to be influenced already believes in me.

Once you are face to face with a person, the one sure way to open his mind is to take plenty of time and patience to thoroughly understand his point of view and help him to be right. This does not mean that you have to be a "Yes" man, but bear in mind that opposition closes a mind and we must use simple agreement to open a mind before we can hope to influence it at all. No matter how right you think you are, there's a pretty good chance that the other fellow is not a total moron, and he may have something to say to support himself which would influence your final judgment.

The main thing you accomplish when you start out by helping the other person to be right is that you open your own mind and make an active effort really to understand the other person's side of the question, and by doing so, you automatically open the other person's mind and inspire him to listen to and hear your side of the question.

A young man who had been trying to get a raise for years finally said to his boss, "When you say I don't deserve a raise, that is of vital interest to me, for I know you usually have very sound reasons for anything you say. So I'd appreciate your letting me know from time to time how I can go about making myself more valuable to you so that in your judgment I'll really deserve a raise."

And so, by helping his boss to be right, this young man not only enlisted his boss's support and help in making himself more valuable, but he opened his employer's mind to all the evidence he had to present indicating why his pay should be increased. That's how he went about getting his raise.

One salesman who couldn't sell his prospect finally told him, "I'm convinced that you'd be better off if you bought my product. But apparently you're right and I'm wrong. You see, I'm on a tough spot. My boss expects me to sell you. If you were in my place, how would you go about selling you?"

This gave the prospect a chance to be right—to tell the salesman how to do something. He did it so well that he sold himself and the salesman benefited by getting the order.

One of the deepest desires in the human heart is to prove we are right. And any man who helps others to be right is welcome anywhere. He finds open minds and open hearts wherever he goes.

## How to Gain a Person's Confidence

The key to gaining anyone's confidence is to show him that you are *thinking and acting in terms of HIS interests*. Unfortunately, many people make the mistake of thinking exclusively in terms of "what's in it for me."

If, after observing the other person's interests, you honestly believe that it is to his advantage for him to do what you want him to do, that belief will do more than anything else I know of to gain his confidence.

A good friend of mine was after an important executive position.

"There are a number of applicants for the job," he told me, "and I don't know how to get this employer's confidence up to the point where he will select me. I want this job and I want it bad."

"Well, just forget about what you want for a moment," I told him, "and begin thinking about what the employer wants. Go to him and ask him to tell you exactly what kind of man he's looking for. Then you'll have to be perfectly honest with him and with yourself, in trying to determine whether or not your qualifications fit in with what he wants. Don't present yourself as 'the perfect answer.' There are no perfect answers. Tell him what your strengths and weaknesses are, in terms of what he's looking for. Tell him that you're not trying to sell him something that you haven't got. Then ask him if any other applicant is better qualified for the job than you are. If so, tell him to hire that man—not you—because that's what you would do if you were in his shoes. But if no other applicant is better

fitted for the job than you are, tell him that you want that job, and that you feel it is in his best interests to hire you."

My friend did just that, and he landed the job.

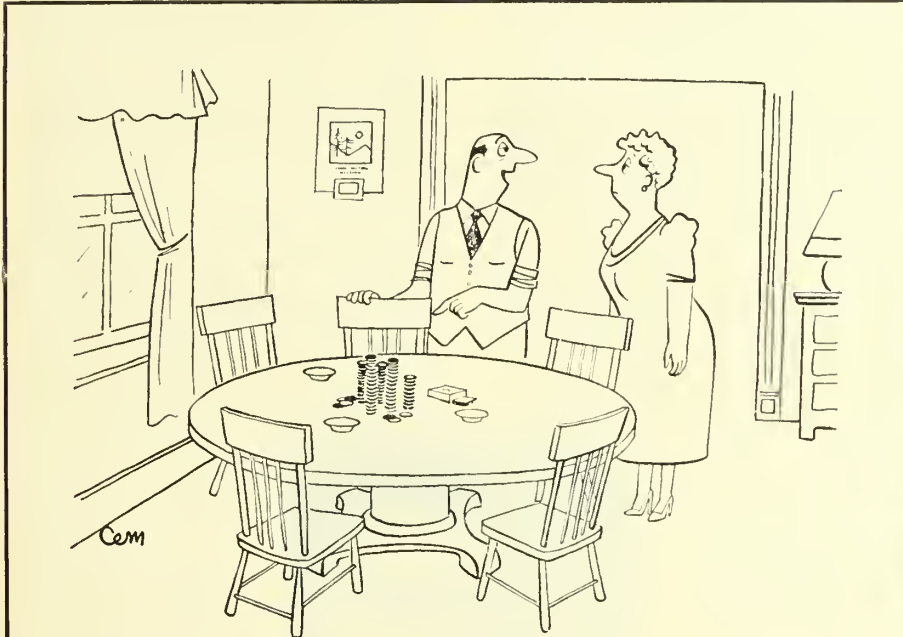
A salesman, or anyone else, can study the tricks of the trade and acquire a pleasant personality that opens people's minds and persuades them to act. But if the person who acts later regrets his action, the salesman, or anyone else, has an enemy on his hands instead of a friend.

If you can overcome the human tendency we all have of thinking primarily in terms of our own immediate selfish in-

What we want is to win and to hold other people's belief in relation to all our activities.

One of the best tests that you can apply to yourself is to put down on paper the names of those who believe in you. Then put down the names of those in whom you believe. You needn't be surprised to find the same names on both lists, for your capacity for belief in others is what determines whether others believe in you.

If you cannot honestly say to yourself that you enjoy such a relationship with at least a few people, you can safely con-



"When there are more of these chips in front of me than anyone else, then bring in the sandwiches and say, 'Time's up, boys, time for chow!'"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

terests, if you can sell yourself on the proposition that in the long run our self-interests are best served by fully protecting the interests of others as well, your heart is more likely to be in the right place and it is easier for you to say and do the thing that gains the lasting confidence of others.

#### How to Win and Hold a Person's Belief

Confidence, if consistently cultivated and nurtured with favorable evidence, ultimately flowers into sound belief. Once you've gained a person's confidence, your next job is to keep on showing him, in every new situation that arises, that you are worthy of his belief in you.

A belief relationship represents the highest plane of human relations. Consequently, sound belief is reserved for those who have proved themselves and it applies only to those activities in which they have earned belief.

A wife might believe in her husband as a great lover, but not as a good provider. An employer might believe that George is the greatest little mechanic in the world and still fire him because he gets drunk too often.

clude to yourself, privately, that you still have some work to do with yourself in improving your outlook on life and in developing your own capacity for belief in others.

In business, the fellow who is always squawking that he cannot get anyone who's reliable or accurate or trustworthy never goes far because he hasn't the capacity for believing in others, and he's never happy delegating work to others. In the home, the wife who is continually checking and double-checking and cross-questioning her husband concerning his motives, his work, and where he has been every minute of the time on his night off, gradually destroys any confidence or belief relationship with her husband through her own suspicious attitude. And the same goes for the double-checking husband.

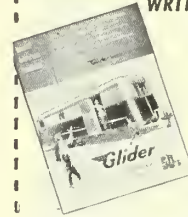
Belief inspires belief, and you must believe in others, when they deserve it, if you would have them believe in you and your ability.

You can enjoy anyone's belief in you, if you will first strive to deserve it, and then be careful not to destroy it by failing to show belief yourself.

THE END

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## HIS BUSINESS IS PRESSURIZED HEAT

Louis A. Falligant is a young ex-naval officer who has parlayed a good idea and hard work into a big business. While serving at Puget Sound Navy Yard during the war as welding officer, Falligant became dissatisfied with the blow torches used in his shops. Despite technological advances in other tools and machines, the blow torch hadn't changed appreciably in over twenty years and Falligant thought of developing a new type.

Back at the University of Wisconsin, after the war, the former ensign worked hard to finish Law School. In the back of his mind, however, was the idea of owning his own business. This led him to market a Christmas tree decoration spray employing the principle of the war-time bug bombs. Unfortunately, it was too much of a seasonal novelty and didn't sell. The flop cost Falligant his entire savings. But the unfortunate experience proved valuable because it did drive home the lesson that novelty alone wasn't enough to sell a product and Falligant looked around for a more marketable idea.

Why not, he thought, a new blow torch to do away with all the bad features of those in use? It should have a self-pressurizing fuel to eliminate hand-pumping; a throw-away fuel container to eliminate delays in refilling; should be able to be turned off and relit without priming and be cheap and safe to operate.

The first problem was a lightweight, inexpensive container which could hold a self-pressurizing fuel. In a Crown Can Company window display, Falligant saw what looked like the answer. He needed more specific information, however, and this started him on the first of many trips he was to take before he succeeded in marketing the "Prepo" blow torch. At their Chicago office the Crown Can people showed him a low-pressure can they had developed to compete with the heavy steel "bombs," then in use, and which could

be readily adapted for his purpose.

With the container problem solved Falligant went next to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Here he discovered that their strict regulations would prohibit him from shipping any existing fuel in the way he wished. Only some still undeveloped fuel would meet I.C.C. regulations.

Returning to Wisconsin, Falligant discussed the problem with professors of chemistry and engineering and they agreed that a self-pressurizing fuel was possible. Their advice was to turn the problem over to a petroleum company interested in such research.

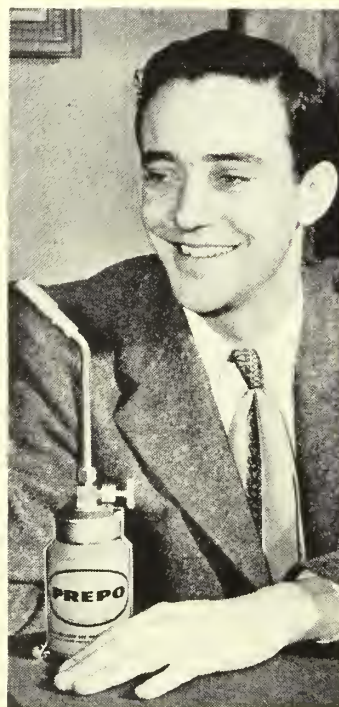
Next came a trip to Phillips Petroleum

Company and for the second time in his short career as a businessman, Falligant learned that big business will often go all-out to deal with small operators. They developed for Falligant a liquid petroleum fuel, self-pressurizing at normal temperatures. They put no strings on the deal and asked only that they be given the chance to make the fuel when Falligant got into production.

Back in Chicago he met Richard P. Schwartz, president of Crown Can Company. At the end of a three hour session, Mr. Schwartz told Falligant, "Put a working model on my desk and we'll do everything we can to help you." No mention was made of money or financing. Crown Can was convinced that the blow torch was a sound idea and they

were as willing as the Phillips people had been to see if it could be brought into production.

Now Falligant went to work on a model of the torch itself, and when it was completed he set out for Philadelphia. At the headquarters of the Crown Can Company he put the torch on the president's desk. Mr. Schwartz lit it, turned it off and re-lit it. He recognized it as a revolutionary step in blow torch operation, but still there were bugs and (Continued on next page)



Louis A. Falligant and the Prepo blow torch

the research and development staff at Crown Can spent a month with Falligant working the flaws out of his model.

Back in Wisconsin Falligant was ready for production — except for having \$50,000 necessary to get started. A friend sent him to the Harris Trust and Savings Co. in Chicago. This business bank, convinced that the torch was worth while, put Falligant in touch with several of their depositors interested in financing new business ventures.

Ralph A. Bard, former Under-secretary of the Navy, helped in the founding and financing of the Pressure Products Corporation, Falligant's new company. In December of 1949 Falligant started production with the "Prepo" blow torch for industrial use. The torch weighs only 1½ pounds and comes equipped with two tips. One provides a wide, hot flame of 2200 degrees and the other a pin-point flame. This unit is for plumbers, electricians and trained members of other skilled trades, and sells for \$9.95 complete.

Production by February had reached 1000 units a day and Falligant introduced a smaller model for home use, which retails for \$5.95 with one tip. Refill cans of "Prepo" fuel for both models sell for 98 cents. The 31-year-old business executive thinks that he will market more than a million of both models in 1950 from his plant at 105 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois. With "Prepo" fuel Falligant expects to expand his business even more. Next he hopes to market a camp stove, lightweight, safe and efficient. And future plans for "Prepo" fuel call for a camp lantern, and a weed burner for home gardeners.

The days of large fortunes may be gone because of our present tax structure, but Louis A. Falligant has demonstrated that an individual with initiative can still make a success in America with a good idea and willingness to work. **STUART LITTLE**

## How To Find A Guy

(Continued from page 25)

his address. Ask the newspaper librarian.

Is he a Rotarian? A labor union member? They keep membership lists, but whatever you do don't tell them you're looking for Dodo to collect money from him.

Has he even been in a hospital? They'll remember.

What are his hobbies? Fishing? Gambling? Try the sports stores. Drinking? Try the bars. Ask the WCTU.

Aren't you getting tired? Call the real estate people. He must rent from somebody.

Say, is Dodo going to be in town only a few days? Call the hotels and motels. Check the train and plane ticket offices and see if he has made reservations.

If he's broke call the Salvation Army, but you'll be wasting your time. He can't pay you anyway.

Call up the Salmagundi Club or the Planned Parenthood Association of America, but don't hope for much.

If you haven't found Dodo by now, call the undertaker.

He's dead.

THE END

## Sound Off!

(Continued from page 8)

an article called *Treason in the Textbooks*, which prompts this letter.

A short time ago I attended a school forum entitled *My Country is the World*, at which six high school students took part. I definitely got the impression that they had been taught with a slant, because of the complicated nature of the subject. I am also concerned with other school materials I have seen which in subtle ways preach the doctrine of collectivism.

Does the Legion know of an organization which is analyzing school materials currently used?

Anne Hill Bowers  
Mrs. Philip J. Bowers  
Red Bank, N. J.

The Educational Reviewer, published at 112 East 36th St., New York 16, N. Y., is a four-times-a-year publication that analyzes school and college textbooks. Subscription is two dollars a year, or fifty cents per issue. Mrs. Lucille Cardin Crain is the Editor, and members of the consulting staff are Prof. William Starr Myers of Princeton University, Prof. Lewis W. Haney of New York University, and Prof. O. Glenn Saxon of Yale University.

Editors

### LET THERE BE LIGHTERS

I think your magazine is swell and carries many articles of interest and benefit to the 3,000,000 Legionnaire readers.

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However, I would like to "sound off" about you because you do not have a classified advertising section where I can insert an ad which would reach ex-GI's who were in the European Theater.

I am attempting to build a collection of cigarette lighters of unusual mechanism and design that might have been brought back by GI's, and find no place where I can advertise for them. Why don't you start such a section? I think it should be a good source of revenue to you and interest to your readers.

George Bratt, Jr.  
American Legion Post #142  
Maywood, N. J.

### LETTERS FOR A WAR BRIDE

Thank you very much for being so kind as to publish the "War Bride's" (Mrs. Kathleen M. Williams) letter in your April issue.

I too am an English war bride, and through your kind cooperation I will be able to write Mrs. Williams now.

It is very nice to know someone thinks of us girls far away from home, and will help us get together.

I too am a faithful reader of your magazine, and I know it does a lot for your G.I.'s and vets.

Once again thank you.

Mrs. Kenneth Johnson  
Box 185  
Marble, Minnesota

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# Parting Shots

## TERRA INFIRMA

*This "One World" proposition  
Is sound and sensible stuff,  
For in its present condition  
I'd say one world's enough.*

— STEPHEN SCHLITZER

## WHY DID HE GO?

A husband rushed around looking for his coat.

"What do you want it for, dear?" asked his wife.

"That fellow Smith across the street just telephoned to ask if I can lend him a corkscrew," was the answer.

"Well, what do you want your coat for?" questioned the wife. "Surely you don't have to go yourself. Why don't you send Junior over with it?"

The husband turned upon her more in sorrow than in anger.

"My dear," he said, "your last remark sums up the whole reason why women cannot lead armies, control nations or take anything but a subordinate part in the affairs of the world."

— DAN BENNETT

## AND THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MAZDAS

*Children help so  
To keep a home bright.  
They almost never  
Turn out a light.*

— LEO J. BURKE

## POINT OF VIEW

Searching from bar to bar for her errant husband, the lady finally caught up

with him at 2 A.M. in "Pete's Place." She marched up to the bar and sampled the drink sitting before him.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, making a wry face. "Bill Johnson, how can you stand to drink such horrible stuff?" she demanded angrily.

"You see," he said reproachfully. "And you thought I was out having fun."

— HUGH THOMAS

## PAPA FIX

*When I repair a leaky tap  
Or replace frazzled wiring,  
I feel that I'm a handy chap  
Who merits some admiring.  
But does my family seem inclined  
To give the praise I'm seeking?  
Huh-uh! They'd always rather find  
The doggone tap still leaking!*

— S. OMAR BARKER

## OUT OF ORDER

The Legion post I belong to, Bell Telephone Post #427, rents quarters for meetings from a V.F.W. post in the city. Being pressed for space, we were allowed to bring in only one cabinet in which we kept the various odds and ends we needed for meetings. The only space for this cabinet was in that portion of the building which is used for parties, dances and celebrations. Realizing that it was in a

position where a lot of people could get at it, we made a large sign which read, "Bell Telephone, #427," and tacked it to the door.

Last New Year's Eve a party was in progress in this room, and toward the close of the night a man who had been drinking steadily walked over to the cabinet. He tugged on the door, cursed, then lit a cigaret and nervously puffed on it. After about a minute, he tugged on the door again, threw the cigaret to the floor and stalked to the bar where he had another drink. All the while he kept staring at the cabinet. He sipped his drink, glanced at his watch nervously, then suddenly rushed across the room and began pounding on the door of the cabinet with his fist. "All right!" he shouted between blows, "let's get a move on in there. That's a public phone you're using and I'm a part of the public. So how about letting me make a call?"

— FRANK S. CETIN

## LINES OF LEASE RESISTANCE

*As cash gets somewhat tighter, and  
New buildings rise across the land,  
Apartment owners, doing penance,  
Perhaps will rent at last to tenants  
With dogs and cats, and even maybe  
To luckless couples with a baby!*

— RICHARD ARMOUR

## RECIPE

*Here's a recipe for wedded bliss  
Never forget that good-bye kiss!*

— C. LUCAS

## BROWNS OR CARDS?

The geography teacher was quizzing her pupils on the location of our important cities. Suddenly she said, "Now, can anyone tell me where St. Louis is?"

To her utter surprise, Timmy, the dullest boy in the class raised his hand. Nodding to the boy, she said, "All right, Timmy, you may answer."

"St. Louis," Timmy announced, "is playing in New York."

— F. G. KERNAN

## JUST WHAT I WANTED

*A nicer gift there never was.  
I wouldn't change or touch or move it.  
I know it's costly, too, because  
You've left the price tag on to prove it.*

— JOHN FALLON

## DOUBLE INDEMNITY

A farmer's barn had burned down and the agent from the insurance company arrived to discuss the claim. Explaining the policy that covered the structure, he told the farmer that his firm would build another barn of similar size instead of paying the claim in cash.

The farmer was furious.

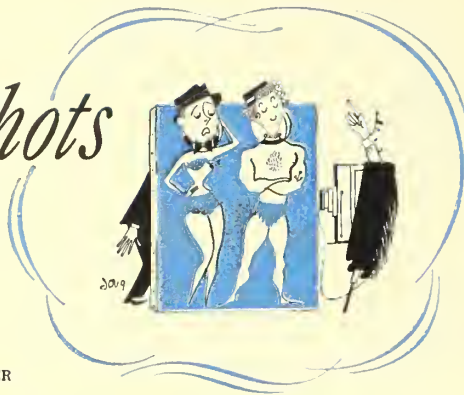
"If that's the way your company does business," he exploded, "you can just cancel the insurance policy on my wife!"

— FRANCIS GERARD

## ALMA MATER

*Difference between college and an insane asylum is, that in the latter, one must show some improvement before he can get out.*

— JOSEPH C. SALAK



"He squashed a caterpillar!"

# ECHO SPRING

## ECHO SPRING

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**"ECHO"...**  
ANSWERS YOUR CALL  
FOR FINE  
**KENTUCKY  
STRAIGHT  
BOURBON**

**4 YEARS OLD**  
*Today's Best  
Kentucky  
Bourbon Buy!*

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Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.



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